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ATALANTA
OR
THE FUTURE OF SPORT

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

*For a full list of this Series see the end
of this Book*

ATALANTA
OR
The Future of Sport

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ATALANTA

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THE FUTURE OF SPORT

INTRODUCTORY

It is little wonder that George Bernard Shaw says in *Who's Who* that his recreation is "Anything except sport"; for the word 'sport' is full of unsuspected pitfalls. Webster defines the abstract noun as "that which diverts, or makes mirth, pastime, amusement", and the common noun "one interested in sports, now one interested in sports solely or chiefly for their gambling aspects; hence a gambler; also one who is flashy and cheap. Colloq."

True, the dictionary-maker is more generous with the 'sportsman'. Him he describes, among other things, as "one who in sport is fair and generous; one who has recourse to nothing illegitimate; a good loser and a graceful winner".

These are flattering phrases. We must remember them. Unfortunately they seem rather ponderous when applied to "that which makes mirth".

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We fear that Mr Webster, though he has the right instinct for a 'sportsman' does not know what sport is. There is nothing at all mirthful about it. Sport is as serious an occupation as dictionary-making. More than that we scarcely dare say.

The history of sport makes us unsportsmanlike enough to avoid advising the dictionary-compiler how to define this elusive word in the next edition. Any rash statement would put his dictionary—and this book—right out of date in a very short time.

It behoves us to tread warily. Anyone who considers what has passed for sport at one time or another will realize our difficulties.

There was once upon a time, for example, the jolly sport of badger-baiting. It was a very simple sport. The tail of the badger (a perfectly inoffensive animal) being split, and the animal chained to a post that was driven into the ground, several dogs were set upon the beast.

Naturally there were casualties. Before the badger was slain, sometimes as many as half a dozen dogs were killed and others were maimed for life by having a jaw torn away.

It was Englishmen who practised this sport. It was also an Englishman—a military gentleman—who defended in the House of Commons the popular

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sports of bear-baiting and bull-baiting. The occasion was the debate on a bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. After listening to the gallant member—who said that these sports were a most necessary foundation of our militant spirit—the antagonistic and highly-intelligent House rallied to his support and threw out the menacing bill by seventy-three votes to twenty-eight. This happened in 1809.

Six years afterwards the test came. Our sportsmen rose to it. Let the truth be told. It has been too long suppressed. The battle of Waterloo was won, not on the playing fields of Eton, but in the bear and bull-baiting shambles of Leicester, Weymouth, and Southampton.

This statement must not cause dismay to our great public schools; these sporting organizations can still take heart. Another major, Major Beith, better known as Ian Hay, in the year of Grace—or perhaps one should say the year of Hammond—nineteen hundred and twenty-seven said with quiet assurance on the wireless that cricket is encouraged in the army because its discipline makes military discipline less unacceptable. The scoring of a boundary, in other words, is merely a subtle way of learning how to form fours. When the next war comes, therefore, we can assume that Eton's playing fields will be retrieved.

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This is all very well, but most of us look upon sports as activities that have no ulterior motive ; and if all our games are to be mere preparations for something else we will want to tear the sadly misused word 'sport' out of the dictionary. We won't *play*. And we will assert that there never has been such a thing as sport in the past and that there is no likelihood of there being any such thing in the future. Yet there is an inkling of truth in what the Major says. Although our most popular sports escape definition and survive, there is no doubt that when we play with other motives than the joy of the game these sports begin to decay. Before their final demise they have a period of extraordinary healthiness : but they are marked for death. The tendency is manifest everywhere. We shall have occasion to consider it with care.

Before we can come to the end of our consideration of the present motives and the future tendencies in sport we may be thankful to have these two Majors to quote.

First of all, then, let us have a general survey of the various sports.

CHAPTER I

BLOOD SPORTS

I : MAN v. ANIMAL

To several thousand people who have nothing to do during seven days in the week and to several millions who have something much worse to do for five and a half days out of the seven, sport is a matter of significance. In all countries from the earliest times people have taken part in sport of some kind. The idea running through all such sports is one of fairness. In addition there has always been a desire for a definite result.

The countless precedents of our youthful picture-books are a great temptation for a stroll through the dictionary. Is it not the case that 'A' is for Alligator? And since Alligators cannot possibly have any other use than to be hunted, and since hunting has been for ages one of the greatest branches of sport, we might just as well begin with these strange creatures.

The essentials for alligator-hunting are four : darkness, a lantern, a loaded rifle,

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and alligators. With the aid of the lantern one finds a safe and suitable place by the river-edge, or by the mud banks of a disused dam, where the feet may be planted (out of range of the alligator's jaws) and a steady aim may be taken. Out of the darkness will presently come pairs of tiny twinkling lights. The valiant hunter hides his lantern, for he knows that these lights are the lanterns of the alligators. All that need be done is for the hunter to wait until the lights come well within range. A bullet is then sent whizzing between the widest pair of eyes. If this is done in the approved manner, the largest alligator is hit through the middle of the brain; and after he (or she, for there are no rules against shooting alligators of the fair sex) has convulsively lashed the water with his (or her) tail, the sport may be said to be ended.

There is no record that any alligator-hunter ever put his rifle aside, after missing his quarry, with the words, "Now, it's your turn old boy (girl). Have a snap at my legs." That being so, we must sorrowfully erase alligator-hunting from our list. It is too one-sided. The human gets the best of it every time. We fear it is not sport. It may be alligator-hunting; assuredly it is not cricket.

Angling comes next. This should not be confused with fishing. Anglers may

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use only a rod and line, whereas fishermen may employ steam trawlers. The difference is considerable. Angling is a sport ; fishing an industry.

Everybody knows how to angle. Methods vary according to age. The boy of five uses a bent pin, a piece of string and a twig. The man of fifty has a rod made to suit the size of his hand, the strength of his wrist, the length of his arm, the inches of his stature and his physical strength. The fish has nothing. Whatever its opponents, it always suffers from the same handicap. For it, angling has no delights.

If the angler faces all the dire dangers of angling such as wet feet and the risk of being bored to death by his own company, he usually brings home at least one free supper. What does the fish get ?

And yet let us be quite fair to these anglers : many of them are harmless folk. Just as this book is being handed to the printers comes to hand the true story of how twenty-eight of the angling fraternity toiled all day and between them caught a gudgeon that measured 5½ inches. It gave Chertsey the championship of the Surrey and Middlesex Angling League, deciding the destination of a handsome trophy and fourteen medals.

The letter 'B' is more exciting. If we skip baseball we can continue to deal

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with 'blood' sports while we are on the subject. Bear-shooting comes next. Here, at least, there is something like equality. There is excitement. There is give-and-take. Here it is just on the cards that the *bear* may go home and say he has had a good day's sport. For occasionally the bear gets the best of it. Nobody grudges him an occasional victory. It is all in the game.

At this point we can dispense with our alphabetic guide and come down to general principles. Let us be frank: blood-letting has always appealed to us. Fox-hunting, which began as a more or less organized attempt to get rid of an animal that was considered by the farmers to be vermin, gradually degenerated into what it is to-day; a mere excuse for wealthy people to meet one another for the sake of having fresh air and exercise, and to follow the ridiculous proceedings with a dance that could be held quite well without such a silly excuse.

The mentality of the huntsman is one of the psychological puzzles of our time. He is always a man of public school education. He has always had the strictest ideas of fairness knocked into him. To be worthy of his family tradition seems to be his life's highest aim. If he caught anyone maltreating a cat he would probably thrash the cad within an inch of his life. Yet over him also,

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the mob instinct prevails. Let two or three score of him gather together with dozens of strong dogs and they will fill half a day with outrage in pursuing unto death one poor, terrified, cowardly animal. And this forsooth has been called the sport of kings ! Merely because huntsmen run the risk of a fall they are considered fine brave fellows.

Then there is the disgusting and abominable custom of 'blooding'. To smear the cheeks of a child with the bleeding 'brush' of their victim is conduct unworthy of an insanitary butcher. One would imagine that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would risk losing some of its subscriptions by making a sporting attempt to put an end to this barbarous imbecility.

Of stag-hunting one can write only with a strong sense of humiliation. Every year adds to the atrocities committed by its barbarian followers. It might, of course, have been wiped out of existence long ago if it had not received the blessings of clergymen with social ambitions.

A casual glance through a book of memoirs written about a century ago discovered the description of a hunt where, for once, the stag turned on its torturers. The cowardice of the trembling humans must have made all stagdom rear its antlers with pride.

There is only one blood-sport (and it

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has at least the semblance of risk for the human participants) that is wholly condemned by the people of England and America. The sport is bull-fighting. In this the bull is occasionally cheered. He sometimes scores a hit. The matadors and toreadors do take risks. If the horses, always unwilling participants, were removed from the arena, one can imagine bull-fighting making a very wide appeal. Few people object to bulls being slain (most of us dine off bulls every day), and a bull-fighter loses at least half of his romantic glamour if he is not dying with a picturesque scarlet stain on his wholly attractive uniform.

In pig-sticking also there is a streak of sportsmanship, for the element of risk exists. There are cases on record where as many as fifty wounds have been delivered by an animal before it has been finally stuck.

When the wild boar is startled out of the jungle's undergrowth by beaters and elephants, the chase begins. For quite three quarters of an hour the 'pig' keeps ahead of the fleetest-footed steed. After that, the horse begins to overtake the hunted animal. In this state of semi-exhaustion the pig is speared either before or after its dire tusks have inflicted wounds on the horse, or, very rarely, on the huntsman. One of the most photographed of our military leaders wrote about this

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sport: "Taken as a whole pig-sticking is one of the best, if not the best, of all the wild sports of the world". He afterwards founded the Boy Scout Movement. One is tempted to speculate how many marks a young scout-master would earn for giving shelter to a hunted 'pig'.

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Lower down in the scale of decency than the hunting of animals is the watching of animals hunting or fighting one another. In considering this question, and to avoid too many sub-headings in chapters, we shall have to think of birds as animals. So much the worse for the birds.

The fairness and generosity of sportsmen is seen in its perfection in the sport of cock-fighting. If the British Empire is based upon one thing more than another it is upon our long and glorious records in this sport. Claims have been made that our greatest naval and military achievements have happened during the periods when cock-fighting in this country was at its best. It is regretted that the admirals of to-day, who make a living by explaining the Battle of

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Jutland, have overlooked this important naval factor.

From the reign of Henry II, until the second decade of last century, cock-fighting was the sport *par excellence* of the British people. Writers on the subject have been at pains to tell us that the cock-pits (derivation obvious) of our battle-ships were nearly always filled with fowls of ferocity. And Admiral Boscawen (known among his sailors as "Old Dreadnought"), for example, never left port unless his pens were full of birds.

How great was the hold that cock-fighting once had upon the people of England may be judged from the fact that apprentices and aldermen, butchers and barons, clowns and clergymen, in fact everybody of any standing, whatever their age or profession or rank, was addicted to the pastime. The making of silver spurs for the cocks was in itself a substantial business; the name of Cockspur Street in London tells us where the famous dealers in these requisites had their shops.

As to the actual fights: these were matters for exploitation by high finance and for rigorous training. In order that the weight of the cocks might be kept down to the required level the birds were sweated by having cloths placed over their pens.

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"Main" or eliminating contests (something like modern football cup-ties) were organized for high stake money. As much as 1,000 guineas was awarded as a prize for a single battle and 5,000 guineas was the reward for the winner of the "Main".

The contests were short and sharp. Often they were over in a few seconds. The longest battles lasted three minutes.

Another form of contest was known as "Battle Royal". In this, two or more 'teams' of cocks were set free in the same pit, and the bird which managed to escape extermination was the winner.

It is gratifying to think that the birds really liked this game. As proof of this, authorities confidently assert that no power under heaven could bring together in mortal combat two cocks that did not wish to fight. From this, cock-fighting has been considered quite a commendable form of pastime; though the same reasoning might justify us in providing quarrelsome children with daggers.

There is an impression among respectable people that the sport of cock-fighting is dead. This is far from the case. Indeed the police is the only considerable section of the community apparently unaware that this illegal sport is still popular. In Ireland it is especially prevalent.

Before we leave this aspect of sport, let us glance at other instances of animals

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in mutual combat. In England there was a period when any animals that could be induced to fight one another would be matched for battle. Dog fights were quite common. Nor are they entirely out of date to-day ; for the establishment of a secret dog-fighting club was reported in the Press within the past twelve months. There were also instances of different animals, such as the larger apes and bears, being made to fight. Bears were also frequently baited with dogs, the proportion being three dogs against one bear. It was also the rule to use four dogs against a lion, and there is a record of an English mastiff in France who pulled down successively a bear, a leopard, and a lion in one day before the French king.

In the East these degraded sports are still quite common. Not only is partridge-fighting very prevalent but duels are arranged between fish ! There is a species of very ferocious carp that is specially dieted with the larvae of mosquitoes so as to fit it for fighting. Camels too are matched against camels, rams against rams, and elephants against elephants. The sportsmen of the East are merely a century or two behind the sportsmen of the West.

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From the gladiatorial battles of the past to the boxing contests of to-day is a far cry. The definite intention of the one was to slay, whereas in the other even pain is not willingly inflicted as an end in itself: the former was frequently undertaken under compulsion; the latter is a matter of purely personal choice—a man cannot be compelled to become a professional boxer.

Sandwiched in between fighting to the death and the modern boxing contest, duelling and fencing might be considered. It would be unfair to assert that the former was actually a sport, or to deny that the latter was inevitably associated with it.

Everyone knows that there have been times in the history of England, France, Germany, and Italy when the menace of the duel was a matter of grave anxiety to almost every public man. Brainless blackguards who had attained a high proficiency in fencing or shooting were always on the look-out for quarrels. Very far from being history's romantic periods, as represented in cheap novels, these times were riddled with insecurity and treachery.

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For some obscure reasons a man's 'honour' was supposed to depend upon his willingness to fight for his life when called upon to do so by any unscrupulous scoundrel. Instances abound. Take the famous duel that occurred during the forties of last century in France. A young journalist named Dujarier, utterly unskilled in sword and pistol found himself in a hot argument while flushed with wine. The discussion was more or less connected with his mistress, the famous and magnificently courageous Lola Montez. De Beauvallon, his opponent, another journalist (who was run by a rival paper), was an expert swordsman and a superb shot.

Here, if ever, was a case where a duel was obviously the most idiotic, the most unsportsmanlike, and the most unromantic way of settling the 'honour' issue. Yet Alexandre Dumas the creator of d'Artagnan—was among those who declined to interfere. To such an extent can genius become a slave to custom.

Dujarier was shot dead. It was afterwards discovered that De Beauvallon, the expert, the sportsman, had 'tried' the pistol (a very important matter in those days) against all the rules of duelling, and had practically murdered his opponent.

This is but a single case. It could be multiplied by thousands. The incident is cited here merely to show that the

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public's idea of sport and its faith in sportsmen are often entrenched in stupidity and sometimes in outrage; and further that a sport such as fencing, which is innocent in itself, may have deadly implications.

Yet combat has its irresistible attractions. There is no use denying it. A boxing contest always excites interest. Ironically enough, however, nobody is so friendless as the man who chooses a ring career. If ever there was a sporting life, this is it.

From the moment the young boxer shows the slightest sign of real cleverness he is surrounded by a gang of sycophants and exploiters. As youth is the first essential, the ambitious fighter concentrates on his physical powers at the expense of his mental ones, and if he is unsuccessful there is nothing left for him but hard manual labour or a place in the ranks of the sycophants. It is idle to pretend that the modern boxer is a man of high education. In this respect Tunney is sometimes cited as a boxer who might have won a place for himself in literature. Here is Tunney's reported answer when asked if he would fight a black man: "It is superfluous to answer that question because there is no immediate imminence of a sable menace." Newspaper readers are duly impressed, and boxing is vindicated.

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When, after a strenuous career, the climbing pugilist has at last won his way into the first rank, he is assailed by two forms of Press attack by the critics. Either his battles are too short and he is accused of having a 'cushy' job and of fleecing the public ; or the cry of 'brutality' rends the heavens. Nevertheless there are few of those who protest against the making of a fortune in a couple of minutes in the ring, who would not gladly accept a similar amount made in the same space of time on the Stock Exchange, though it were smeared with the poison of some treacherous 'business' cleverness. Truly the sportsmanship of sportsmen is worthy of scrutiny.

The real objection to boxing is not its brutality at all, though there are dozens of brutal fights every year. The threat to our sporting spirit comes from the promoters of the contests, from the debased creatures by whom the boxers are surrounded, and from the sadistic degeneracy of the spectators.

Ever since time began, men and women have preferred to discuss incidents and events rather than thoughts and philosophies ; and to-day the penny Press panders to this in almost every headline. The more violent the incident the bigger is the print at the top of the column. Hence the £10-look at our boxing contests. A splash of blood is a symbol of suffering.

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It is something to talk about. It suggests heroism. The very people who would willingly pay a couple of fivers to see a bit of bashing and claret-tapping would not part with tuppence to see Jimmy Wilde give a miraculous display of speed and skill in an exhibition bout.

The true facts about boxing are not admitted. If they were, the death-knell of the Big Purse would be struck. Boxing promoters know that not more than a hundred or two of the spectators at a boxing match can really see what is happening.

In spite of its followers, boxing of all the blood-sports in which man takes part, is the one that can be clearly and enthusiastically hailed as a sport. Nevertheless it will require to be saved from its friends.

Now and again we hear of a man being killed in a boxing match. Immediately there is a frightful hullabaloo. And rightly so. It is as unsportsmanlike to kill men in sport as it is to kill animals.

Still, boxing deserves its great popularity. The cleverness, the speed, the resource, the courage, the ability to keep a saintlike temper, and the need to be in perfect physical condition: these are the essentials of that beautifully balanced creature, the first-class boxer. Great names flash through the mind: Peter Jackson, Jim Corbett, Jeffries, Jack

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Johnson, and Dempsey. (Between these giants and the Becketts and Billy Wells and even Carpentiers, there is a tremendous gulf.) Clever as were our champion boxers, however, they were none of them well enough equipped to defend their sport from the brutality charge: all of them were more afraid of facts than of fists.

Descriptions or impressions of the terrible pugilistic battles of the past hundred years handed down to the present generation still influence us. Stories of the kicking and biting (and the unspeakable 'gouging' that was once so common across the Atlantic) must have been often discussed within hearing of the present generation.

The tremendous fight that took place between John Camel Heenan ('The Benicia Boy') and Tom Sayers (Champion) is still unforgotten. In this match, which was far removed from our definition of sport, "a diversion, or that which makes mirth", contestants fought *forty-one* rounds. Here are a few facts about this historic battle which took place on the borders of Hampshire and Surrey near Farnborough on April 17th, 1860 (Journalists, please note the style.)

Heenan stood full four and a half inches over Tom. Heenan won the toss for corners and placed himself with his back to the sun; he also had the advantage of being on slightly rising

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ground, so that Tom had, all the way through, to fight uphill. The fight lasted 2 hours 20 minutes and was broken up by the police.

Round One: Sharp left-handers were exchanged, Tom getting on 'the Boy's' nose, drawing first blood, and Heenan leaving his sign manual on Tom's 'frontispiece.' . . . Heenan seized Tom round the neck, but Tom pegged away at the back of his head until he made him leave that, and Tom fell laughing. . . .

Round Three: After a little lively hiddling, Tom got too near the big 'un, who instantly slung out his left straight and full on the bridge of Tom's beak, knocking him clean off his pins. (First knock-down for Heenan.)

Round Seven: Tom's right peeper displayed marks of pepper, and it was perceptible that he had sustained severe injury to his right arm, which was now beginning to swell. . . . Tom countered heavily, drawing the claret. . . . Tom danced away, came again on another tack, and bang went his left on the sore spot, and he was instantly out of danger, laughing. One of Heenan's eyes closed. Heenan retired to the privacy of his corner; Tom went to him, but Heenan shook his nob and seemed disinclined for work. Tom, finding he could not draw him, retreated, whereupon 'The Boy' came out . . . fainted . . . got well on the bridge of Tom's snorer. . . . Tom rolled over laughing and was carried to his corner. This round lasted thirteen minutes. Tom's right arm much swollen . . . he could make little use of it.

Round Eight: Tom's right arm . . . much discoloured and swollen and utterly useless for all purposes of hitting. . . . This round lasted twenty minutes, and was a splendid specimen of milling on both sides. Tom's nose and mouth were bleeding, but both his eyes were well open. Heenan's right eye had been long closed, his cheek was fearfully swollen, and his mouth was also somewhat out of straight.

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Round Seventeen : Heenan's mug was decidedly the most disfigured. . . .

Round Thirty : Heenan's other eye was now quickly closing, and he had evidently no time to lose. . . . 'The Boy' rushed at Tom and literally ran over and fell on him.

Round Thirty-Two : The betting was now even. . . .

Round Thirty-Four : Heenan's eye all but closed up. . . .

Round Thirty-Six : The Benicia Boy's face was a spectacle to behold, while Tom was very weak. . . . The police began a violent struggle to get close and put a stop to hostilities. . . . 'The Boy' tried to hold Tom, but the latter slipped through his arms and fell. The police were now struggling with the spectators, and the referee was swept out of the ring, but the fight continued for five more rounds, the ring half full of people. After the Forty-First round, while Sayers was on his second's knee, Heenan rushed at him, let fly left and right at Tom's seconds, floored them, and kicked at them and closed with Sayers in a wild rally. The referee struggled back and ordered the men to desist. Heenan in a few minutes was totally blind. After the full description there follows :

"Remarks—Up to the unfortunate departure of the referee this was decidedly the very best Championship fight we ever witnessed." This journalist calmly wanted to *finish the fight fairly* elsewhere, a suggestion which seems to have met with general approval and was only spoilt by the presence of the police !

Heenan was blind for forty-eight hours and lay in a critical condition in bed in Osborne's Hotel in the Adelphi.

The impression that this fight made on the minds of Englishmen may be judged from the fact that when Tom

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Sayers died his funeral was almost a national demonstration. It is questionable if there was ever a funeral procession of equal length in the whole history of London.

One of the great predecessors of Sayers was the life-guardsman Jack Shaw, a man of herculean strength. As Shaw is said to have killed or put out of action at Waterloo, at least ten French cuirassiers, one cannot wonder that the Duke of Wellington was one of the firmest supporters of the prize-ring.

Our boxing is a friendlier activity to-day. Still, so long as there is brutality in boxing people will raise the objection of brutality. And it does exist.

Undoubtedly most people weighing up the pros and cons in cold blood, would be quite willing to take one complete thrashing if they were to be given a fortune for undergoing the ordeal. But few people would accept for any money the life companionship of the low types of all social classes, that have always frequented the boxing ring.

CHAPTER II

BLOODLESS SPORTS

I : MAN v. ANIMAL

Apart from an occasional six-days' match between a walking man and a running horse, there are very few bloodless contests between man and animal. The superior creation will only try his strength and skill against his inferiors when he is certain to win and when victory for him means death, as well as defeat for his opponent.

II : ANIMAL v. ANIMAL

It is a positive relief to come at last to horse-racing : the most innocent and the most childish of sports. Before the beautiful animals that take part in these contests, man need feel no shame. Nothing would induce him to wound or hurt such well-proportioned creatures.

The most inspiring spectacle in the world is an English race-course. Long before the animals foot the emerald turf

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an impassioned chorus fills the warm afternoon air with music. Now and again the poetic names of the animals sparkle like the streak of a silver stream through the sun-mist. As the first race is about to begin, a multitudinous orchestration of human voices breaks into a rhapsody of rejoicing over the exquisite animals. The words of the singers are not clear, but nobody would be surprised if this great concourse of horse-lovers was chanting the praises of the animals in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*.

Round-hoof'd, short jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small-head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide.

To such a frenzy of altruistic enthusiasm does the sight of the exquisite creatures work upon the spectators that all of them almost without exception, are consumed with a passionate desire to give away all their wealth to one another. Here is true sportsmanship at last.

Unfortunately for the animals, they have to be directed by a highly specialized type of human being called a jockey. This individual always takes himself very seriously. Why, nobody has ever

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discovered. There is yet another mystery attached to horse-racing. The chief credit for winning a race is given not to the horse nor to the rider, but to the owner.

Every racehorse owner wishes to win the Derby; this is the height of his ambition. A visitor from another planet might imagine, if he heard this ambitious hope uttered by owners, that they personally intended to run round Epsom. Such a spectacle, if not so elegant as the Derby would be much more exciting and would be infinitely more sporting than standing still and merely owning the horse.

If we accept the Derby, for example, at its face value as a race between magnificent creatures, we gladly admit that its record is a clean and interesting one. The smudges on it are few. Nevertheless we must steel ourselves against delusions. Suppose betting were considered a crime for which the penalty was capital punishment? Suppose everybody attending the classic event were compelled to dress in exactly the same way—a very plain way? And suppose there were a uniform entrance fee of a shilling, which admitted anywhere? Would there be a record of nearly a hundred and fifty Derbys? Or of half-a-dozen?

We are not nearly so interested in horses as we pretend to be. Notwithstanding the fact that the trained race-horse in action is one of the most

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beautiful sights imaginable, the regular race-going public is one of the most inartistic sections of the whole community. For the wealthy adherents of the turf there are certain dress regulations for the most important meetings. They are meaningless regulations. At Ascot, for instance, 'gentlemen' are expected to wear a top hat, whereas at Goodwood top hats are liable to be shot at sight.

Gambling, of course, is the sole reason for horse-racing. The Won't Works and the Social Swankers of all classes are always on the look-out for an excuse to exploit the stupid. The organisations that exist for keeping the sport free from any taint of swindling may be superficially effective, but the general impression is that roguery is rampant wherever there are racing stables. If horse-racing is to be preserved, it will have to be thoroughly overhauled. No imagination at all is shown by those in control of the sport, which has been run in much the same way for seven-score years.

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Contests between Individuals

The more men sink their own personalities in sport, the more interested in it do they become and the more interesting

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does the sport become as a spectacle. Outdoor contests between two individuals only are therefore rarely thrilling: the struggle is too personal. Wrestling, for instance, has an occasional boom, and the first meeting between two well-advertised experts arouses national interest; but the boom quickly dies as soon as the individual gifts are adequately assessed.

On the other hand, people are a little less critical of those forms of athletics where there is a trial of skill or speed or strength among several competitors as in running, jumping, hurdling, and what are known as the field-events.

As a spectacle, of course, the long jump and the high jump, require the aid of arithmetic for their due appreciation. In the former a leap of over twenty-five feet and in the latter one of six feet seven, are amazing performances that one may witness only once in a lifetime; yet, until the figures are known, even these jumpings would not cause excitement.

Much the same may be said about field-events. In England these have always been unpopular and are but little practised. Had this been otherwise our records at the various Olympic Games would have been much improved. There is a natural antipathy to the long waits, after every throw in Throwing the Hammer or Throwing the Javelin and after every

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putt in Putting the Ball. People like to see the results working themselves out continuously, rapidly, and automatically.

Since the earliest days of athletics the race with many competitors has always been very popular. Great stress is laid by 'sporting' writers on the question of judgment in running. The stress is exaggerated. Ninety-nine per cent. of race-winning quality is sheer speed. Over shorter distances the percentage is one-hundred. There was a time when one would have had to consider the question of speediness in starting, but since the all-fours start has been adopted, competitors are usually off the mark as one man, and it is only speed that counts.

For several years the quarter-mile was considered the severest test for an athlete and the most interesting spectacle for spectators. The reason would seem to be this: a runner who is only a yard or two behind in a short distance race has little hope of recovery; and speed and endurance have increased so steadily in recent years that this short distance may now be said to include the quarter-mile. The half-mile is, however, gradually displacing it in both respects. When the distance is increased to a mile and upwards there is a chance that a runner who is a considerable distance behind may yet provide a thrilling finish.

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Surprises are frequently forthcoming. In the mile they are innumerable. Perhaps the most thrilling on record was the race at Stamford Bridge in the British Championships of 1921, when the relatively unknown Stallard strode valiantly after Hill, who was known to be equal to breaking the world's record. The last lap was a veritable struggle of the gods. Every inch was contested. Spectators roared for Hill. They were certain he would win easily in the end. A brilliant record was promised. As Stallard clung on to the heels of the Mighty One, however, there was a perfect frenzy of exultation, and though the challenger was beaten in the end by a narrow margin he was given a tremendous reception along with Hill when it was announced that both men had eclipsed the British record.

For pure, unalloyed satisfaction in athletics this event would be difficult to beat: the great runner responded superbly to a magnificent challenge out of the unknown, and the unknown runner proudly measured his speed and endurance against the very greatest. Longer distances are not such interesting events. The superiority of the winner is generally very quickly established and exciting finishes are rare.

Among the unhonoured benefactors of humanity surely the one who stands

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serenely supreme is the man or woman who invented a ball. Wiseacres will tell us that the ball evolved. Quite likely. It is not difficult to imagine the leaping boulder and the rounded pebble being playfully pushed or lightheartedly rolled or thrown. But there are aeons between these things and the football, the cricket ball, and the tennis ball of to-day.

Much as we owe to the ball, the lower animals owe still more to it; *we* owe merely our civilization to it—a doubtful blessing—but to them the ball's discovery has meant the very gift of life. Only the lowest of us now hunt animals and call it sport.

Writers and artists, sculptors, architects, and musicians—all have claimed much credit for making life sweet and acceptable. Above them all, however, are the myriads of ball-players in almost every country of the world. Ball-games, indeed, have done more for humanity than all the paintings of Raphael, the sculptures of Praxiteles, the symphonies of Beethoven, the plays of Shakespeare, and the edifices of Wren. The makers of great works have encouraged man to take himself seriously; they have filled him with pride; they have stirred him up to emulate the gods. Not so ball-games. When man plays with a ball too seriously, a small chortling gurgulates under his waistcoat: "*Do come off it*".

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Unhappily we have had to employ pencil and paper to record the results of our sporting contests. And this fact has tended to tyrannize over our games. Many of our sportsmen have become the slaves of statistics.

Everyone knows that the written results of a ball-game rarely reveal the joy that the game has imparted. The ball, by virtue of its roundness, requires ever-new subtleties of treatment ; and these subtleties can never be adequately expressed in 'goals' or 'runs' or 'strokes'. In golf, the game depends *entirely* on one's ability to manage the ball. This section could quite truthfully be headed 'Man *v.* Ball' ; for every man plays golf entirely on his own. The fact that there is another fellow doing the same thing at the same time over the same course does not alter the fact that the "contest" element in golf is largely a matter of imagination. And yet, to listen to golfers discussing their game, one would imagine that these people were the brainiest of sportsmen. They spend nearly two hours hitting a tiny ball ninety or a hundred times and then come back and talk as if it were a godlike occupation.

Let us turn to tennis. Here man is pitted against man, the ball being merely the medium by which they test their skill. In recent years tennis has made remarkable strides in popularity. Its excellent

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qualities are being quickly discovered. Its defects are all too obvious. Surely there is no other game in existence where the gulf between the casual player and the expert is so vast !

The beginnings of tennis must be the most maddening of any sport. The inefficiency of the ordinary beginner is the last word in futility and ineptitude. It says a great deal for the fascination that the game exercises over a vast multitude of fairly good players that so many survive these early experiences without becoming gibbering idiots. Our public parks and private courts are thronged day and evening by innumerable wielders of the stringed bat who look as if they would be much happier and more at home with skipping ropes. After the deadly beginnings have been passed and it is no longer necessary to pick up the ball after *every* stroke the game certainly becomes one of the best of all ball games.

Team Sports

Let us turn to 'team' contests : these by their very nature call forth higher and more subtle qualities than do the 'individual' forms of sport. The most interesting event in an athletic meeting (usually the most individualistic gathering)

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is the relay or team race. Even when this is left over to the end of the programme it never fails to appeal. It has the quality of calling out the hidden resources of its participants. An instance leaps readily to mind. In the British Empire *versus* America contest in 1920 the American contingent was considered to be exceptionally strong. One of its speediest members was the wonderful half-miler Joie Kay. Now it happened in the relay race that Kay started his section with a very comfortable lead of fifty yards, the English string being Hatton. On paper, Kay could have given his opponent a comfortable start and beaten him. But the Spirit of the Team surged in the heart of Hatton. He pursued Kay with unimaginable courage. Every foot of the race was a battleground. The spectators were dazed and amazed. Recovering from their surprise they rent the air with cries of "Hatton", "Hatton". There was more than mere partisanship in these yellings: there was a tremendous tribute to a man who faced impossible odds. For impossible they must have seemed to Hatton. Nevertheless, with fortitude that must have been almost unequalled in the history of athletics, Hatton stuck to his man, cut down the lead, and passed the baton first to his waiting comrade.

Nothing would be easier than to say that this is merely a repetition of the Hill

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and Stallard race. But it is not. The motives were different here, and thrilling races of this kind are very much more frequent in relay racing than in the ordinary 'individual' forms of sport. The team-spirit tells.

Perhaps it is to the Annual Boat Race that one must turn for perfect teamwork. Apart from the classical example of the novel-hero who rowed twice as fast as the other members of the 'eight' there is no doubt that the highest sporting qualities are called forth by rowing. Unlike many other sports, rowing demands discipline as well as effort. It is not enough to give of your best. You must be prepared to give a little less than your best when the occasion demands the taming of your own enthusiasm in the interests of the eight.

It is a sad thought that the only people who can fully appreciate this perfect sport are the participants. The sweet expenditure of the delicious strength at the start, the warming up to the task in the glorious rhythm of oar and muscle as the struggle intensifies, and the soul-satisfying exhaustion as the post is passed can be known only to the crews.

Nobody has ever yet had a flawless view of the entire race. The following launches from their positions may be a few inches 'out'—sufficient to be significant to the rowers in a desperate race.

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As for the general public that lines the banks of the Thames, its position in the sporting world is unique. It is the only sporting crowd that knows nothing about the sporting event it waits hours to witness; and it is the only sporting crowd that does not witness a one-twentieth part of what it comes to see.

As a spectacle the Boat Race is the biggest fraud in existence. The efforts of the crowd to work up enthusiasm as the crews come into sight at, say Harrods, would be pitiful if they were not so humorously good-natured. For a few seconds there is a peering forward to see whether the Dark Blues or the Light Blues are leading. It takes a little while to discover that both crews are in white and that there are only two Blues where one expected sixteen. "Huh! Of course!" one murmurs, wondering if the man next to one can read one's absurd thoughts.

Rumours have been flying ahead of the oncoming boats and it is really difficult to see whether the blazer of the man in the leading boat is dark or light.

And in a few seconds more the boats have vanished. Tongues are loosened. All London talks as if it were experts. Prophecies are interchanged; careful prophecies. Going home over Barnes Bridge one sees the Light Blue flag run up over Harrods. Cambridge has gained

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the victory. One becomes a little conscious of the Dark Blue favour in one's button-hole.

Let us draw a veil over the 'sporting' way in which some students of the rival Universities seek to tell the general public on the evening after the race that *they* are imbued with the same spirit of sport as the valiant sixteen. What relationship there is between general rowdiness (that has been known to manifest itself in the cutting up of theatre seats,) and the magnificent effort of the valiant sixteen only the greenest undergraduates' minds could explain. It is certainly the reverse of sportsmanship.

Closely allied to such manifestations is the strange phenomenon of partisanship. Poor humanity, the herd instinct so frequently revealing itself, still loves to shout while others are shouting and still finds much comfort and a strong sense of self-importance in the making of loud vocal noises. Strange to say, partisanship is especially prevalent where there are team-contests. Notwithstanding the fact that the personnel of teams changes to some extent every year, and that in ten or fifteen years most teams are entirely changed, there are club supporters who worship a team's shadowy name as if it represented the most stable and substantial and unchangeable thing in creation. Undoubtedly the teaching of

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what passes for patriotism in our schools is largely responsible for this. One is given the impression that one's country (or one's football team) is a body of upright, splendid people who have always been there, and always will be there, and that other nations (or football teams) do not matter very much.

Football, especially association football, is more affected by the curse of partisanship than is any other game. Perhaps this defect lies in the intrinsic merits of the game; for there is no doubt that association football stands on the highest pinnacle as a sport and also as a spectacle. The air of a football arena is always charged with excitement, and if only this game were practised by the elect it would long ago have been hailed as the 'sport of sports'.

Football interests everyone. There is not a town in the British Isles where children do not kick improvized balls about the streets. In Scotland the air is thick with them. At least a million people watch this game every Saturday during the season. It is an unequalled hour-and-a-half's entertainment. For over half a century its rules have remained substantially the same.

If it were not for the occasional rough play and the more than frequent unfair play, association football might claim to be the perfect sport. The necessity

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to manipulate the ball *and* the body as two separate entities places association ahead of rugby as an exercise in skill. In the latter game the carried ball and the player are quite frequently a single moving entity on which concentration is much less difficult.

Unhappily, in this great game that is played by everybody (excepting those who play rugger on principle) one must expect the faults of everybody. Although actual foul play is comparatively rare, the contemptible trick of tapping the ankles of a more skilful opponent is practised in every match. If this is done by a player in a home team it is greeted by the spectators with an indulgent grin ; but if a stalwart among the visitors is the guilty one, the evil deed is met with impassioned screams. The serious objection to association football is not that people watch it instead of playing it, but that those who go to see one game, rarely talk of anything else until the next game.

Of the two remaining sports that are left to be briefly surveyed, one is the national game of America and the other of England. Baseball is played to the accompaniment of incessant shouting ; cricket is the thing of beauty that is watched in health and quiet breathing.

From the moment a baseball match begins, until the moment it ends, the

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game is played amid a hurricane of remarks. The first-class player realizes that baseball is played by ear; many Americans go to matches to air their wit or their want of wit.

An offspring of rounders as played by children in every English and Scottish street and public park, baseball has a much greater following than any other religion in America.

The altruism of the baseball players is a moving sight. They do not mind at all how often they interrupt a match so as to explain the finer points of the game to a meek-looking individual who is known as the referee. This gentleman seems to be buoyantly willing to give his decision in favour of the most convincing argument. A story is told by "Bill" McGowan, the famous American League umpire, how on a certain occasion the two teams engaged in a game were quarrelling with practically every decision of the umpire, and how at last the players of one of the teams gathered round the man (who was quite little), picked him up in their arms, and threw him over the fence and out of the park. A few minutes later the dauntless little soul dumb-founded both teams by calmly strolling back to his post.

In spite of these trifles baseball is a game of great skill and speed. The 'striker' has an infinitely more difficult

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task to hit the pitched ball than the batsman has at cricket. Fielders, on the other hand, have the advantage of gloves not unlike wicket-keeping gloves. Most catches are therefore tolerably easy for them. At no time have they to show anything like the alacrity that is shown by 'slip' at cricket. Both games have in common one quality that is rarely valued as highly as it ought to be. With our passion for speed and melodrama, we are prone to lose sight of the humbler and less spectacular virtues. The chief of these in baseball as in cricket is the art of fielding a ball cleanly and without fuss and returning it *instantly* where it is required. Let anyone who has not played either of these popular games try to pick up a swiftly-moving ball from the ground, and send it with the minimum of arm-swinging to the nearest 'base' or to the wicket-keeper and he will realize, when he has muffed and muddled at least half his liftings and throwings, that there is much concentration and training required for his apparently easy action.

The evolution of America's national game is a mirror of the nation's evolution. Most of the alterations in baseball have been made because the players were constantly endeavouring to stretch the rules to their uttermost. Catches were so often deliberately dropped by fielders

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in order to force players to go the round of the bases, that catching had to be made an attractive proposition! The 'pitchers' (bowlers in cricket) had also their mean little tricks. Since a striker was *compelled* to run after receiving three balls, the pitcher was in the habit of sending up bad balls in order to 'tease' him into attempting a hit. Only after the rule was altered and the batsman allowed to proceed to the first base after receiving *four* such balls did pitching become normal again. At no time have there ever been any similar developments in cricket.

It is a privilege to turn to England's greatest summer game. The joys of cricket are almost too many to enumerate. Its followers prove the contention recently made by a scientist that people who laugh are not the happiest people. For who will deny that players and spectators alike at cricket are the happiest beings on earth? And yet they rarely laugh. In truth, laughter at cricket comes very near to sacrilege. Very rarely is there even the ripple of a smile in the Nirvana of Lord's. And here let it be said that the London bus conductor who set a traveller down there who had asked for the 'Templé' may not have known his job, but he proved himself one of the elect who have a fine appreciation of the richer subtleties of

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nomenclature. The only thing that is lacking at Lord's is an organ.

The sportsmanship of cricket-playing has become proverbial. Other sports imply that you are a human being with many failings; that you may lose your temper and do something for which you ought to be penalized. In football, if a man trips up his opponent, or kicks his shins, a 'foul' is awarded. There is nothing analogous in cricket. No batsman was ever known to step back too far in order to stun the wicket-keeper; and no fielder ever yet tried to lame a man who was 'stealing' a run. A weak batsman, it is true, could, if he were so disposed, save the wicket of a brilliant partner by deliberately bumping into a fielder who was trying to catch the partner out. The weak one would be penalized for obstructing the field. He would be declared 'out' . . . out of the innings . . . out of the team . . . out of the game.

This being so, it is strange how entirely ridiculous cricketers (and journalists who report cricket matches) can make themselves. In the report of a match (*Daily News*, June 1, 1927,) between Gloucestershire and Hampshire one read :

BIG HITTING :

TENNYSON'S GREAT FINISH

A feature of the drawn game at Southampton yesterday was the remarkable batting display

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by the Hon. Lionel Tennyson in the last hour of play, when Hampshire *had no chance of getting the 237 runs necessary for victory. It provided the home county's captain with the opportunity to give a great display of free hitting,*¹ he scoring at a tremendous pace, runs coming so readily that in 55 minutes he had put on 102 out of 135, this including nineteen 4's. It was a thrilling finish.

It was nothing of the kind: it was a childish finish. What the Gloucestershire captain (who glibly set his opponents an impossible task) thought about the absurd spectacle would be interesting to know. We shall return to Tennyson on another occasion.

There are very many sports that have escaped the net we have spread out for them. Indoor sports, such as billiards, draughts, and chess do not readily come into the mind when we think of sport. Besides, we must draw the line somewhere. For this reason, games such as hockey, shinty, polo and croquet (which are all variously-removed cousins of football) have been ignored. Bowls somehow has been missed altogether. Perhaps it is just as well. Bowls is more of a soporific than a sport.

Swimming, too, has been crowded out. Anything that has been said about running, applies almost equally well

¹ (The italics are mine; the risk was the reporter's. There is no record in the Press that Tennyson shot the fellow.)

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to it. We shall make a passing reference to it in another chapter.

These then are most of our sports. How do we play them? How do we govern them? In what spirit do we watch them?

Before we plunge into speculation we have a few more facts to face. It will be just as well for us to clear our feet. The Future is a long journey.

IV : THE CRISIS IN CRICKET

One of the greatest unsolved problems in the whole of England's history is the preservation of the sporting qualities in cricket. For years these have been gradually trickling away. The phrase "It isn't cricket" is the palest shadow of its former self. We feel that cricket is no longer cricket.

Suggestions as to eight-ball overs, smaller balls, narrower bats, wider stumps—all have been adopted or considered with a feeling of hopeless fatuity. The one thing necessary—to make men realize that they are playing a game, and not taking part in a public pageant—has rarely been considered. Let us attempt to impress upon our county players especially that they are not

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immortals playing on the Fields of Eternity. Before suggesting the appointment of a dictator for each match who shall be empowered to invade the field of play and kick unenterprising players—bowlers and batsmen alike—off the field, we might consider a little more compulsory sportsmanship for our national gods. There is still the time-element that can save us.

In all great games except cricket the time-element operates equally for both teams. It is apparently impossible to arrange this in cricket. There are too many difficulties; but something will have to be done. It is manifestly stupid that a team should compile a leisurely lead of two hundred runs, and then give its opponents an hour to get them. There will have to be compulsory declarations. The only practicable system that suggests itself in this direction is that a team which is ahead on the third innings shall allow its opponents time to make say one hundred and twenty runs per hour to equal any lead obtained.

Many objections to such a scheme leap to the mind. The answer to them is another query. Why should a team have the choice of innings as a result of a mere toss of the coin? A gesture of equality of opportunity to the team losing the toss seems quite sporting. Let us consider an imaginary case. Blackshire bats

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first and third and on the last day is 230 runs ahead and the game has only two hours to run. Whithshire is given its chance. Popular opinion agrees that a run a minute for one batsman is very good cricket. Two runs per minute for two batsmen (240 runs in two hours) would allow Whithshire to beat their opponents. . . .

The effect of such a rule would be that every fourth innings in cricket would be a game for heroes and a spectacle for the gods. But, it might be argued, why should Whithshire (who made a poor show in the first innings) be given the points after getting this privileged second chance? There is no effective answer to this, except that Blackshire and all other teams are quite as likely to be similarly placed at any other time.

But suppose again, this time that Whithshire were *not* all out (the necessary runs remaining ungotten), then what is to be done? The answer is a drastic one. Both teams ought to be penalized for failing to show initiative, and each should be given only one point. Instead of being rewarded with helpful points for first-innings decisions, clubs ought to be punished for failing to finish their games. Both teams would thus stand to gain if the match were finished; Whithshire would make desperate efforts to retrieve the game *entirely* at any

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possible sacrifice. They would have nothing to induce them to sit on the splice. They would have to play reckless cricket. If necessary all ten wickets would go.

The unsportsmanlike conduct of any club that did not attempt to prove themselves worthy of being given such a chance would be apparent to the meanest intelligence if the forcing of a decision were not tried.

Let us look hopefully, therefore, at Blackshire playing their third innings envisaging the possibility of having to declare. They are already twenty runs ahead on the first innings. Their policy is obvious: the more speedily they raise their score, the longer will be the period over which their opponents must keep up this extremely high standard of scoring, and the less likely are their opponents to be able to do so. The third innings is thus 'gingered' in anticipation.

In any case, whatever is done to introduce the time-element into cricket, a rule should be made that where only fifty runs are required for a decision, teams should be compelled to play to a finish, even if the game ended in candle-light. The farce of allowing our heaven-sent amateur captains a free hand in the time question was exemplified in the final test match at the Oval, when Armstrong's last team was here in 1921.

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Notwithstanding the fact that cricket is constantly boosted as being the one game where any sort of surprise may occur, Tennyson allowed his team to play its third innings throughout several hours of the last day, deliberately avoiding an issue by denying the Australians any part of a fourth innings. To say that it would have been next to impossible to have finished the match is no excuse at all for having refrained from attempting to do so. It is little wonder that Armstrong showed his contempt for our sportsmanship by putting his worst bowlers on to amuse us.

If sportsmen, in spite of the outcry against the slowness of cricket, will insist on points for first-innings decisions, then the scheme of G. F. Hickley (*Athletic News*, August 29, 1927) might be considered. This correspondent wrote that "in all cases where only two innings were completed, the points should count as at present, but should the side losing on the first innings get a knock and pass the total of the side leading on the first innings, then each side count four points each, instead of five and three." The chief merit of this scheme is its simplicity. Like the previous scheme it would mean that one team would have two chances of proving itself, and its opponents would have only one—with the slight advantage of toss-winning to aid it. Such a way of

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bringing about arithmetical decisions would certainly slow down the game still more.

We must face the unfortunate fact that some such drastic changes have become necessary because of the way in which groundsmen have petted their charge until the turf is as docile as a billiard table, and because of the higher all-round standard of efficiency in play. Men who were out for the sake of the sport alone would long since have seen the need for development. It is far from comforting to realize that the only way of retaining the sportsmanship in cricket is by changing cricket and not by changing the spirit of cricket players.

If all the methods suggested in various places at various times should prove unproductive of improvement in the game, then there must be tried some such drastic change as increasing the height of the stumps by one inch (this would probably solve the problem), or the introduction of single-innings matches (three two-day matches per week) and the limiting of the League so as to make a home-and-away-match possible for every club. In the latter case, it would become compulsory for teams to find time somehow (if necessary by playing much earlier in the morning or later in the evening where decisions were difficult), even if it meant that cricketers would get

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an occasional rain-drop on their flannels.

Alterations in the rules of scoring might show a way out of our impasse. If there were two boundaries (one running close behind the wicket-keeper and slips) batsmen might be tempted to live dangerously by playing their favourite scoring stroke when the risk seemed worth while. The idea of a couple of boundaries is not so revolutionary as it seems. Every cricket enthusiast knows that the measurement from wicket to boundary differs materially on different county grounds, and that a century at Taunton does not take so much getting as a hundred at Lord's. Even on the same ground during different games, the boundary varies: the Oval boundary, when the crowd invades the field at a Yorkshire visit, is not so distant from the batsmen as when an unattractive fixture is being played and there is room for the spectators on the ordinary seats. The boundary ought certainly to be standardized.

But really, our cricketing authorities show very little enterprise in trying to solve these league-accounting problems. Our sportsmen have sufficient influence in the Press to get some wealthy newspaper to offer a prize of five hundred pounds for the best suggestions. Let them do this, and they will solve their problems in a month.

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These are suggestions for the immediate improvement in cricket. We are conscious all the time that our climate has more than anything else to do with our difficulties. Is it likely, therefore, that in cricket, any more than in anything else, man will always remain at the mercy of the elements? Considering the destructive and entirely negative use to which great scientific inventions have been put, is it too much to ask that a way of rapidly drying a cricket pitch may be found? Is it beyond the wit of man to protect the ground by a pellucidly transparent sliding roof (glass will not be the only transparent substance of the future) that would not interfere with the light, and would yet be high enough to escape damage from the ball.

The one certain development that is going to influence all games, and that will enable all of them to be played to a finish in the future, will be the introduction of super-lighting lamps, that will flood our playing fields in the evenings with what will practically amount to daylight. The Electricity Commissioners might give this matter a modicum of their attention.

CHAPTER III

THE ATALANTA RACE

AMATEUR OR PROFESSIONAL

Many thousand years ago, there lived in the twilit land of Greek mythology a young lady who was a marvellous runner. Her name was Atalanta. Like most fast women, Atalanta loved to be pursued. Being amazingly fleet of foot, she always had the laugh of her pursuers. In an unwise moment this damsel made the announcement that she would marry the man who could outspurt her.

Now it happened that Hippomenes, the son of Megareus, was very much struck on Atalanta. But the young man was well aware that he would be outpaced when he came to a scratch race; so he consulted Aphrodite on how he could wangle a handicap. When Hippomenes went to her for advice, therefore, she had him pretty well taped up; she knew that he was one of the win-at-all-costs kind. So she taught him a trick. She told him to throw golden apples in the path of Atalanta, and while the girl was

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picking up the pippins he was to prance ahead and win the race.

Everything was carried out as arranged. It had been a very bad year for apples, and Atalanta could not resist the strong temptation to turn professional.

Proficiency in sport has developed very greatly in recent years ; and, with the growth of our great industrial towns wherein there are few open spaces, a tendency to watch sports rather than to play them has arisen. Naturally spectators prefer to watch the best sports. Players have become proud of their prowess. Sport has become more and more of a serious matter in the life of the community. The rough places of the earth have been made smooth for our champions. Grounds have been fenced in and specially prepared for particular contests.

All this has cost money. Men have been given full-time jobs to look after grounds and to give hints to players. Sometimes these groundsmen have been asked to take part in contests. In some such way professionalism came into existence. Before we knew where we were an entirely new phenomenon was confronting us—that of a man who played games not because he liked playing them, but simply in order to make a living.

As sport became commercialized, the number of professionals greatly increased. The reward of the professional player has

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grown decade by decade, though the shareholders of many of the sporting companies (or clubs) have seen to it that they too have had their rewards.

Players at most games have become amazingly expert ; and certain traditions as to costume and equipment have gradually enveloped our games. To provide these in approved quality and pattern a new and important industry—that of sports outfitting—has come into being. Of this industry in association with well-known players, the developments are only too well known. In order to obtain a free advertisement the outfitters made gifts of equipment to leading clubs and players, and then indicated that So-and-So was supplied ‘with our goods’.

Amateurism in public sport—that is to say the playing of unpaid players in games where gate-money is taken—became very badly undermined. Indeed, it would be safe to say that the pure, unadulterated amateur in public sport is nowadays as rare as eidelweiss in a hothouse. Yet, so long as a man does not receive direct payment in cash by a club’s treasurer, he poses as one who takes part in sport with no other object than that of enjoying his own skill and strength. Amateurs, too, have a special following of their own. It is considered ‘The Thing’ to be a distinguished amateur. It is considered ‘The Thing’ to talk about the way pro-

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fessionalism is ruining sport. Who then are these amateurs? And who are the professionals? What have the amateurs done for sport? What have the professionals done for it?

In this country it is only in the most degraded sports, i.e. in blood sports (*Man v. Animal*) that amateurism reigns supreme.

In personal contests between man and man the controversy is only important so far as boxing is concerned. Here, indeed, professionalism is in its most flourishing condition. Yet, strange to say, the larger the purses given to the boxers, the less brutal have contests become. Some fights have almost ended with the opening handshake. Boxing has now become such a scientific study that participants are prone to conserve their energy as far as possible for the one swift blow that will produce a knock-out rather than to dissipate their strength on gaining 'points' of doubtful value. It would be untrue to say, therefore, that professionalism has injured boxing: it certainly has not.

At the same time it is difficult to talk calmly about the scores of thousands of pounds given to boxers for a contest that may last only a few seconds. Dempsey is said to have received £149,000 for his first fight with Tunney in Philadelphia and his opponent is believed to have

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pocketed £50,000. For the second fight Tunney was guaranteed £200,000 and Dempsey £90,000. One has to bear in mind all the time, of course, that Tex Rickard, the promotor of the second battle, came scatheless from the fray and must have made enormous profits from a 'gate' calculated at over £500,000.

Doubtless such payments are anti-social acts; but as society is constituted they do not in themselves adversely affect sport. For one must remember that where stakes are extremely high—and there is the possibility of the victorious boxer earning still more money—the committing of an unfair act would entail the losing of the contest; and that the referees of such matches are brilliant and experienced men.

In football, the position of the professional player requires special consideration. If the rewards of the first-class player are not amazingly high they are at least steady. Better than direct rewards, good jobs are found for players of exceptional ability. The professional footballer certainly deserves his wages just as much as the professional actor, and it is true of one as it is of the other that the better the pay the better the performance. As exponents of the game amateur footballers are rarely in the same class as professionals.

In the matter of money, it is natural that America should completely eclipse

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anything that is offered in England or anywhere else. College coaches in the U.S.A. are paid enormous sums for their services. Andy Smith, Coach of the University of California has a contract for \$12,500 for each season for four years, but then the inter-collegiate football and rugger games attract far bigger crowds (seats from two dollars (10/-) upwards than such games would attract in this country.

There was quite a sensation in Chicago in November, 1925, when a young Illinois student was about to turn professional. Huge headlines palpitated with prognostications. Would Red Grange play for money in the teeth of his father's objections? He did. He signed a contract immediately after his last college game to play for the Chicago Bears. His remuneration worked out at the rate of \$60,000 for *six games*. This sum in English money is about £12,000. It is £2,000 more than the combined yearly salaries of our Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer. Americans are not the only people who may think that Red Grange is not over-paid.

In the case of baseball, salaries are, of course, enormous. Babe Ruth has a contract for \$14,000 a season. He supplements this pittance by acting for the cinema. And as to transfers, a San Francisco baseball team received \$175,000 for two players.

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In cricket the question of payment for services is in a state of chaotic hypocrisy. The methods are bad, the attitude towards the question is stupid, and the results are unsatisfactory. In addition to a cricketer's ordinary wages he is given talent-money—so much for making fifty runs, so much for making a century, and so much for taking a certain number of wickets. Sometimes he is tipped a copper or two by the spectators—just as if he were a waiter: a practice as disgusting in our food-supply services as in our sport-supply services. The method of ear-marking a particular match for a player's 'benefit' is also an unsatisfactory one. A professional might conceivably have a match allocated to him that is never played on account of rain; and, unless he has taken the precaution to insure his chances, his 'benefit' may bring him in nothing at all.

The future ought to see a very radical change here. The obvious thing for a club to do is to say in advance that the takings of the most successful match of the year (or of the least successful one according to the value they set on the player) shall be handed over to So-and-So or that So-and-So shall be given a certain proportion of the whole year's takings. Though it is difficult to see why a player's value cannot be assessed in round figures and a definite sum of money guaranteed to him.

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The worst feature of professionalism in cricket is the amateur. With few exceptions—England's captain (Chapman of Kent), being a notable one—the amateur is a man who is sufficiently well off to play all through the summer without receiving any payment for doing so. He is a man of leisure. Nobody asks him how he has attained this enviable position.

The amateur does not work; he is accepted therefore as a gentleman. Yet *somebody* has had to do an extra bit of work every day to set this gentleman free for the cricket field. In cricket reports in the Press the social superiority of the amateur is always stressed. The unpaid player is *Mr Brown* whereas the 'pro' is plain Brown. In the first cricket broadcast, this unsportsmanlike feature in cricket-commenting was retained. The B.B.C. might easily have given a valuable lead in the matter; but perhaps they did not dream that the commentator engaged for the work (and presumably paid for it) would perpetuate this practice of class distinction. Let them be forgiven. One has the right to expect something better from a *reverend* commentator: even if he was only an amateur cricketer he was a professional Christian.

Such experiences have had their effect on the paid player of cricket. He is now so tame that he will eat out of your hand.

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He will brook any kind of indignity. At the end of last summer (1927) on a placard advertising the "Mr J. B. Hobbs' XII v. Wimbledon and District XVIII" charity game, all the professionals had 'Mr' opposite their names. Why their temporary amateurism was thus accentuated is impossible to imagine. It made one wince for the players. When one considers what professionals in every form of sport and entertainment have done for charities, the paltriness of such deliberate pre-fixing is too utterly childish.

On the cricket field, we are told, all men are equal. Perhaps they are, but in coming *on* to the field they are not; for the amateur comes out of one door and the professional out of another. One would imagine that the 'pros.' (who are the backbone of the game) would object to this state of affairs. But they don't. And they would much rather the matter were not mentioned at all. Even when Lord Hawke openly insulted the whole body of them by praying publicly to God that no professional should ever captain England they took it lying down. Here is another example of it. Sir Rowland Blades, Lord Mayor of London, gave a dinner on October 12th, 1927 'in honour of cricket'. The Lord Mayor in his speech said: "We have here the greatest gathering of cricketers who have ever met in this country. . . ." But there was

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nothing of the spirit of cricket in the Press reports of the gathering. As usual, class distinction was accentuated. Here is the last paragraph from the report published in a leading London daily: "Famous cricketers present were Lord Harris, Lord Leconfield, Mr. A. MacLaren, Mr. P. F. Warner, Jack Hobbs, and Strudwick." The fact that "Mr" MacLaren and "Mr" Warner have made a lot of money out of their cricket prowess (by writing innumerable articles on the subject) does not apparently make them professionals.

If this is what professionalism has made of the professionals it is nothing to what amateurism has done for the amateurs; they are willing parties to this contemptible snobbery.

Let it be recorded, nevertheless, that things are on the mend. There are captains like Gilligan who are man enough to refuse invitations to dinner for the amateur members of their team unless the professionals are also invited.

In football, where players are divided almost ruthlessly into amateur sheep and professional goats, these questions do not obtrude themselves. Nevertheless, one of the most flagrant examples of an unsportsmanlike crowd is that which follows the only first-class amateur soccer club in these islands. Everybody has heard of the Glasgow Queens Park which

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own the palatial ground known as Hampden Park. To listen to the Hampden Standites (i.e. those who pay an extra shilling or so for a seat in the Grand Stand) is a revelation of the amateur mind. These Queens Park supporters feel themselves entitled to tell the opposing team exactly what they think of it. On the other hand, demonstrations from the stand if one of the home-team's idols is accidentally upset (or if the referee should give a doubtful adverse decision) might be heard as far away as Edinburgh.

What is the cure for this state of affairs? Is it likely the professionals will always be willing to accept their present undignified position? Surely not.

Wherever we look just now the professional is without representation. A sports union for the paid footballer from whose skill profits are made is not only a likely but a logical development. Rules and regulations for running all sorts of sports are drawn up by club directors. Questions of wages and transfers are matters in which professionals have no say at all.

The amateur mind reveals the most wonderful ingenuity in the matter of defining amateurism. Indeed, the controlling bodies of most amateur associations seem to spend most of their time in producing such definitions. Here is one instance. Carpenters, because they

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work with wood, are denied the privilege of rowing in any race run by the Amateur Rowing Association. Clerks, however, who sit on wooden stools all day, are fit and proper amateur oarsmen.

Here is another. A young man of eighteen who had a certain cleverness in boxing decided that he would like to educate himself. He gave private lessons in boxing and received a fee for doing so. Twelve years later he was told by the Tennis Association that he could never be an amateur tennis player. There is not even a purifying purgatory through which he might pass into the blessed realms of amateurism. All his life he must remain in the outer-darkness of professionalism along with the other damned.

Manifestly the professionals are going to kick against this one day.

The paid player of the future will certainly *demand* representation in the control and organization of the sport to which he devotes the greater part of his life. And this is certain to lead to developments. Amateurs in sport like the amateur aged, who were outside the scope of Old Age Pensions, will have to be roped into this wider control. When this takes place distinctions on the field will vanish in actuality as they are supposed to do in theory. The day is not far distant when the amateur cricketer will be considered as a blackleg who is doing

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a professional out of a job. The first step towards putting sport on a thoroughly rational basis as an important activity of the community will be to make all public sportsmen professionals.

Fortunately for sport, it is next to impossible to imagine a perfect amateur. Consider his position. He would not play for money. He would not play for gifts (as all amateurs in athletics do). He would not play because some business firm bathed in the reflected glory of his name. He would not write articles for the Press about the sport in which he took part. (Charlie Paddock, greatest of American sprinters, is presumably well paid for the many articles on athletics he has written.) He would not write books of reminiscences. He would not write books on how to play. He would not accept free 'samples' of sports equipment. He would not accept 'expenses'. He would not accept free travelling tickets.

A man who goes all over England at the expense of his club, or halfway across the world at the expense of a national organization, who is fêted by people he would never otherwise meet, who is photographed and filmed, has columns by the thousand written about him when he plays well—is it possible to find one such public player who experiences these things and can yet place

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his hand on his heart and say : " These things do not interest me : I play cricket for the sheer joy of smiting the leather with the willow ". If such a man exists, he is an amateur.

The joy of smiting the leather, however, is one that most cricketers deny themselves. They look upon the leather as something friendly and human, as something that may be patted but must not be smacked ; they reveal a solicitude for the ball, in fact, that can only be described as matronly : amateur and professional alike seem afraid to hit the ball in case they hurt it. The former thinks of his reputation and not of the game ; the latter thinks of his wages and his prospects for next season.

What is to be done about it ? Must cricket be killed by kindness ? If cricketers played the game as the game ought to be played, legislation would be unnecessary.

Why shouldn't cricket be run on the same lines as any other business ? The amateur, be it remembered, would be the first man in a business deal to speak about fair dealings and sportsmanship. Let business and sport borrow virtues from each other until these human activities merge and become one.

Everybody knows that in public sport professional cricket and professional football teams play better than do amateur

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teams. *As a preliminary step towards putting sport into its true place in the life of the community, therefore, let us annihilate amateurism.*

When this is done we can be sure that there are no absurd barriers that prevent the meeting of the best exponents in every sport. Besides playing in matches, too, the professionals (i.e. all the players) will have to be given clear and definite duties to carry out in the way of training the younger generation. (To this question we shall turn later.) And a professional player will then be judged not merely by his own performances on the field, but by the way in which he carries out his other duties. Undoubtedly his reputation as an *exponent* of the game will depend solely on his performances--and there will remain a large section of the public who will make martyrs of 'pros.' who neglect their other duties for the more picturesque part of their job, but that will be unimportant if our sports-controllers prevent themselves from becoming utterly sports-ridden.

CHAPTER IV

WOMEN IN SPORT

During the past five years there has been a striking new development in sport. Women have plunged into it. For a brief period one woman confounded all conjecture by swimming the Channel—a feat that our fathers would have declared impossible for any woman—and doing it in less time than had been taken by any man. During the summer and autumn of 1927, women again went ahead, two of them swimming the Channel when only one man was successful. What would our women do next? And what unlooked-for social problems would arise if this sort of thing became universal? The question stampeded the traditions of centuries.

Practice for some years in a mild form of tennis and ordinary golf had allowed the weaker sex to retain its picturesque weakness. Croquet had never threatened them with anything worse than the Victorian form of masculinity. Our women seemed settled in subjugation. Then came a Women's Olympiad in Athletics in 1922. This was an innovation.

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In fact it was almost a revolution—and extremely immodest. Girls appeared in running shorts, and revealed great lengths of unclad legs. Even naked thighs were displayed—and displayed *as if they didn't matter*.

There was one disconcerting aspect about these public revelations: prurient people (i.e. all of us) discovered yet again that woman's legs are far less indecent than her underclothing. Only a very few years ago no man of good breeding would have dreamed of mentioning in society the subject of ladies' knickers—not even if they were angels' knickers. And now, lo! and behold, one-piece bathing costumes and running shorts for women are mentioned everywhere, and women are cheerfully photographed in them.

Miss Vera Palmer (secretary of the Women's Amateur Athletic Association, and one of the finest runners of her sex in the world) tells me that this question of legs was a serious handicap in the organization of athletic meetings. "We had to tell girls," she explained, "that our athletic clubs existed especially on account of legs and that girls were going to be taught how to use their legs."

In the South of England the legs question is not a serious one. It does not exist at all for metropolitan clubs: climbing to the top deck of a London bus assists the London girls to get rid

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of mock modesty. On the Continent the athletic girl is utterly regardless of opinion : she does not mind appearing in shorts that are little more than bathing slips.

In brief, the psychological struggle in the women's athletic movement is between the strong fear of appearing immodest and the strong desire of women to free themselves of their ridiculous clothes. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the Greek ideal of perfect womanhood, strong in wind and limb, and beautiful in body, is the ideal of the young women who are engaged in the organization of women's athletics all over the world. Nobody would be so rash as to assert that in the seventy-nine women's athletic clubs affiliated to the W.A.A.A. it would be impossible to find athletes who lost sight of that ideal.

When one considers the pot-hunting proclivities of the male however, one realizes that the arrival of women in the athletic arena has been too long delayed. Amateurism is essentially a feminine quality. Man is the natural grabber : women the giver. Voicing the spirit that has galvanized the women's athletic movement into life, Miss Palmer asserts with enthusiasm :

The sporting instinct is much stronger in woman than in man. Never once since our association was formed have we had an instance of

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a woman running 'slow' in order to have her handicap raised. Everybody knows that men are constantly doing this sort of thing. In the matter of their defeats also, women are much better sportsmen than men. . . . We hope the day is not far distant when all medals and awards will be abolished. As a matter of fact I can say now that girls enjoy their training evenings even more than they do the athletic meetings. They also try very much more than men do to cultivate *style* in athletics.

As for the grounds where athletic contests are held, these also will be transformed by the amateur spirit of the women. All advertisements will have to go; trees will be planted in their places. Those people who watch will watch in comfort; but watching will not be encouraged. Athletics will exist primarily for those who take part in them.

It is not to be expected that women will ever be able to compete on equal terms with men in athletic contests. The build of their 'chassis' will not allow this; though the best of the women will be able to beat many of the other sex. Phyllis Green, for instance, aged 17, with a world's record high jump of 5ft 2½ ins cannot compare with the 6ft 7 ins jump of the best man; but this girl's jump is half an inch higher than the height that won the men's English Championship in 1869 and only one-and-a-half inches short of the winning

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height in 1872. Even as these words are being written news comes that a German girl has made a long jump of 20 ft 9 ins. It is significant that the English Championship for men was on eleven occasions won with a shorter jump than this, and that on one other occasion this distance was only exceeded by 1½ ins. The running track, too, must be swarming with young fellows who could not beat Miss Palmer or Miss Edwards. The latter, with a record of 60½ seconds for the quarter-mile is certainly speedier than most public schoolboys of her own age.

In another *five* years, when there are a hundred and seventy-nine women's athletic clubs instead of seventy-nine, the standard in the athletics of both sexes will become matters of fairly general knowledge. In another thirty years (before the gradual evolution of athletics with which we deal elsewhere) the knowledge will be the common and aggressively familiar property of all. The man in the street will know when he reads the reports of the *next* Women's Olympiad at Prague in 1930 that 'putting the Ball' refers to an 8lb ball and in spite of himself he will make a mental calculation, and compare the results with what happened when the men were engaged in 'Putting' the 16lb ball at their Olympiad at Amsterdam in 1928.

These facts will lead to questioning.

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What is going to be the effect on a young man when he discovers that the girl he hopes to marry is a cross-country champion? Will the information impel him into shoes and shorts and lend speed to his flying feet? Or if he is already a cross-country runner—a dud—how will the information affect him? In England, the women's cross-country race is two and a half miles, and on the Continent anything up to five miles.¹ In the 1927 race in England there were ninety-seven starters and ninety-five of the runners completed the course.

When sports are organized everywhere, and hundreds of such races take place all over Europe in a day—that is certainly the tendency—will the attitude of women to men and that of men to women remain unaffected by athletic prowess?

With these women's athletic movements springing up like prairie fire all over the world, there are going to be difficulties in the matter of control. As befits the nation with the longest record in sport, England has taken a good grip of most of women's activities in this direction. So far as the more strenuous sports are concerned, great care has been taken that harmful sports shall be cut out and

¹There is at least one woman, however, who takes keen delight in running the full Windsor to London marathon distance of over twenty-six miles. She is Miss Violet Piercey.

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heavier ones modified. In athletics, for instance, the pole-jump is barred for women, so also is throwing the hammer, and the distance for the hurdle race has been considerably shortened, just as the cross-country race is shortened. Medical opinion is still doubtful of encouraging women to risk strain in the high jump and the long jump.

So far as medical opinion is concerned, there is a record in existence of scientific tests made in 1925 by Professor A. V. Hill of London University. Miss Vera Palmer and another woman athlete, Miss Thompson, submitted themselves for experiments. Professor Hill discovered that in running a woman's speed is 79 per cent. that of a man's speed, except for very short distances when it is 84 per cent. He said that on short races up to 80 yards there was not so much difference as on the longer races. All this was deduced from the amount of oxygen used by these two athletes when in exercise under the Professor's supervision.

Previous to this, in 1922, the College of Preceptors appointed an Expert Committee to go into the questions of the effect of physical education and sports on girls. The Committee consisted of members of the British Medical Association and of teachers. When the report was made it revealed that the

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medical members were unanimously in favour of physical education but emphasized the need for moderation and medical supervision. The question of effects in after life and the capacity for healthy motherhood were discussed, and out of 108 medical members, 20 noted no effects at all, 19 thought the effects decidedly good and only 6 thought the results bad. The teachers on the Committee noted an immense improvement in physique, health, character, vigour, and the capacity for enjoying life and, in backward girls, an improved mental condition.

If we assume that amateurism among women will remain more stable than it has done among men, we might throw a sop to the milk-and-water sports people of to-day by telling them comfortingly that amateurism might survive; but the apples of Atalanta are just as likely to attract the modern Atalantas as they did the ancient one. The limited field of athletics may be, with women, as it has long been with men, one of the last strongholds of half-pure amateurism. Other women's sports are already being exploited for cash. Tennis as a sport for the unpaid woman performer is already crumpling. Its greatest exponent has gone; and the attitude of its most popular girl player can be assessed from these lines taken from *The Daily Chronicle*

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dated July 2nd, 1927: "Miss Betty Nuthall, the sixteen-year-old player, is to remain an amateur. Mrs Stuart Nuthall, her mother, made this definite statement yesterday. 'We reached the decision this morning,' she said. 'We could not agree with Mr Cochran as to terms, and we squashed the whole thing. . . .'"

One is an amateur so long as one is unable to get one's price.

It is probably in golf that women have made the greatest advance. Even school-girls become good golfers quite rapidly. On September 13th, 1927, Miss D. Fishwick, a sixteen-year-old girl who took up this pastime only eighteen months before, won the junior competition of the Girl's Golfing Society with a score of 90. Miss Fishwick had already captured a 'grown-ups' share of prizes, including eight challenge cups, among them being two for competitions that were open to both men and women.

As we turn to woman's football we turn away from it. Notwithstanding the real danger of a chance kick or a blow on the breast, football is also being played by women. The probability here is that a few accidents will end in this sport being prohibited just as the boxing match between two women that was mooted some months ago was prohibited. The principal men's foot-

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ball clubs have already shut their doors quite literally against women's football. This sport has no future.

In cricket there may be a serious invasion by women. A Women's Cricket Association has been formed (October 1926) and a fixture list of fifty matches was completed during the first season—a very wet one—and only four games were scratched. On the semi-private club grounds of business houses cricket is being more and more played by girls and young women. Of course few women cricketers have shown anything like the courage and capacity of Miss Muriel Maxted (now Mrs King-Turner) who has a regular place in the men's team known as "The Folkestone Ramblers". This young lady was originally played for her bowling by this club but she developed as a 'batsman' and at one time was actually second in the team's averages!

The outcry against women taking part in sports is rapidly dying down. The charge of immodesty in costume is already laughed out of court. The medical aspect has been thoroughly investigated, and it has been proved that the number of 'distress' cases among women after any athletic event, is no more than the number in a similar—and proportionate—event in which men compete.

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Occasional photographs in the Press have given the public an entirely erroneous impression of women's stamina. A couple of girls fall out at the end of a cross-country race and lie winded on the grass—and what happens? A band of Ambulance men, feeling that here at last is an opportunity to justify their existence, rush to the rescue. Pressmen scent a 'story'. Press photographers visualize a striking picture with sensational captions. Net result: the public, always interested in anything novel and *seeing very few pictures of 'winded' male athletes*, rushes to the conclusion that athletics are a highly dangerous form of activity for women.

No: the menace from women's participation in sport does not lie in the sphere of physical deterioration: very much the reverse. The menace will come from women's improved physical development. Already her intellectual and educational development has had its effects on marriage and the birth-rate. The menace to both will be rapidly increased with women's universal enthusiasm for open-air games. If there is anxiety on the part of the university girl (who begins her college career at seventeen or eighteen and spends three or four years studying for a degree) to find a job for herself at the end of her studies, and if she is inclined to scorn

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marriage, is it not natural that the athletic girl will adopt a similar point of view? These years will take some of them past the attractive age; and the next age is that in which they do not much mind whether they are attractive or not. The country's marriage-rate and the birth-rate are already beginning to flag very seriously. And we are only at the beginning of the decline. Sports for women are going to deal a deadly blow at the large family.

Athletic girls who remain at school until the age of seventeen (as all girls will be doing presently) will certainly not wish to barter their freedom before having a long innings on the sports grounds.

And when the athletic girls of to-morrow do get married it is not in the least likely that they will take for granted the arrival of three or four children. The steady exposure of the glory-of-motherhood fetish is inevitable. A girl who has tasted the delight of the sports-ground attached to her factory or her college, is not the least likely to sacrifice the best ten or twelve years of her life, merely because she happens to share her bed with a man. She won't want children, and she'll take good care that she doesn't have them.

Strenuous endeavours to prevent mixed competitions where the skill and strength of women are pitted against those of men are sure to be made; but in other games

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besides tennis and golf these tests, with suitable handicaps, are likely to continue. The first woman has already entered for the Professional Lawn Tennis Championship open to the world.

The sexes will take to weighing each other up much more than in the past. A score-card may become as effective as a complexion cream. Already the charge is being made against the athletic girl that the sternness of modern sport is giving her a hard, unsympathetic expression and that her good looks and feminine charm are on the wane. There is some truth in this statement. Pioneers are always sufferers.

It is difficult for us to realize how recent is women's emancipation in this country, and how utterly unemancipated she is in other countries. She is still the chattel of her lord in France; without his consent she may not even open a banking account. And Frenchwomen are still without the vote! Is it likely that the other activities of her life will remain unaffected by the liberty of the sporting field?

There are well-known writers who deal with women's sports as if the complete breaking away from the subjugation of thousands of years could be accomplished by women in a decade. Mr Gilbert Frankau asserts "into every game woman injects willy-nilly some-

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thing of her own special attribute—sex”. The truth that this contains to-day will be wiped out to-morrow. Women are much less interested in sex than men are ; and when the economic position of women becomes so secure that the capturing of a husband is a matter of indifference to them, instead of being a matter of life-and-death importance they will cease to ‘inject’ their special sex attribute into games, and may quite possibly cease to inject it anywhere.

CHAPTER V

THE PLACE OF SPORT IN THE COMMUNITY

In considering the position of blood sports in the future our task is an easy one: they will not be tolerated. Our sporting problems will be economic and aesthetic rather than ethical.

A popular newspaper which made a request to various public men for their views on life, published an article last year (1927) from a famous motor manufacturer whose hobby was work. The writer lamented that the great factories of the North of England frequently closed down in the middle of the week whenever there was a football match for settlement. The Successful Man said that this was a scandalous state of affairs. The Successful Man was right. There is only one thing more scandalous than having our great factories closed when there is an important football match, and that is having them open.

For many years football matches were affairs of Saturday afternoons with an occasional 'replayed' cup tie in mid-week. Attendances were a handful of thousands or so. But times have changed. Twenty, forty or sixty thousand

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spectators congregate on the slopes of the great arenas every Saturday, and mid-week matches are becoming more and more frequent. Motor-car making may be the hobby of the motor-car manufacturer; obviously the workers of the manufacturer have other ideas of what constitutes a hobby.

It is extremely likely that these factory and office workers would themselves have played football if only they had had the open spaces. Ignorant critics suggest that the average soccer spectator would rather watch than play. Perhaps he would, but the criticism is unsportsmanlike until the man has had equal opportunities to do both. The facts are illuminating.

The National Playing Fields Association, on whose council are representatives of every important sporting and welfare organization in the country, states that, after mature consideration of every need and difficulty, it

has decided to urge all local Authorities to aim at a *minimum* standard of *five acres of Public Open Space for every 1,000 persons*, of which *four acres* should be set aside for team games (i.e. cricket, football, hockey, tennis, netball, bowls, etc.).

An analysis of the recreational needs of the average population will show that four acres of playing fields is the barest minimum provision, *if facilities are to be found for all who want to play.*

According to the 1921 Census, every 1,000 persons in England and Wales include 180

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children under 10, and 320 adults over 40; so that 500—exactly half the population—are between the ages of 10 and 40, when active games are mostly played. 189 of these 500 are between 10 and 20 years old.

Of the 500 persons between 10 and 40 years of age it may be assumed

(i) That 150 (at the most) do not desire to play games or are prevented by physical infirmity from doing so;

(ii) That 150 are attending schools or colleges which have playing fields of their own, or are members of private sports clubs, or employees of firms which provide recreation grounds for their own people.

this leaves 200 per 1,000 of the population. . . . who may be assumed to be entirely dependent on the public pitches and courts provided by their local authority.

In view of the fact that a football or hockey pitch requires at least $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres, that an acre will only provide five netball pitches or five tennis courts, and that additional space is required for playgrounds for small children under 10, it will be found that *at least four acres* of public playing pitches and playgrounds are required per 1,000 of the population.

The shortage of playing fields all over the country is terrible.

Statistics already collected from 94 cities and towns in 31 counties with a combined population of 7,161,180 show an average of:—

One Public	Football Ground for every	8,110	
" "	Cricket " "	11,550	
" "	Hockey " "	31,760	
" "	Grass Tennis Court " "	6,160	of
" "	Hard Tennis Court " "	6,164	the
" "	Bowling Green " "	13,511	popula-
" "	Playground " "	11,263	tion.

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The figures take no account of the playgrounds attached to the elementary schools (which, in the vast majority of cases, are only open during school hours) or of the playing fields attached to secondary schools.

The figures are not quite as startling as they appear at first sight, because

(i) 50 per cent. of the population is composed of children under 10 and adults over 40 years of age, i.e. of those who are either too young or too old to play active team games.

(ii) A large proportion of those of the games-playing age (assumed roughly to be 10 to 40) either do not want to play games or can afford to belong to private clubs which possess their own grounds.

Nevertheless, it will be generally admitted that the figures disclose a grave shortage of recreation facilities.

One of the most tragic examples is that of Gateshead where there is a population of 136,000 people without a single football or cricket pitch.

The immensity of these facts might have remained undisclosed if it had not been for the network of branches created all over the country by the National Playing Fields Association. On these branches, one ought to note by the way, that out of 127 committee members 41 have naval or military titles. The Services thus come out of this worthy movement with great credit, but what would we say if our newspapers revealed

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a similar state of affairs in Germany?

Thanks to this well-organized movement, and to the fact that local authorities are slowly waking up to the needs of their local inhabitants, sport shows signs of spreading all over the country. The only question is, will the playing facilities be provided quickly enough?

Successful business men are beginning to wonder whether they will be able to slay the dragon which in a cynical mood they helped to create. Before the war every Member of Parliament was called upon to subscribe to the funds of the scores of football clubs in his constituency. The wealthy Members paid up like lambs. Corrupt Practices Acts were unable to touch them. Every big town boasted its innumerable youths all in dire need of sporting gear. These youths had fathers; and the fathers had votes. . . .

Then the war came, and after the strain of four years' strife the nation's youth rushed to the football grounds on Saturday afternoons and—with that instinct to have one's opinions of great events verified by accredited experts—rushed to the Saturday and Sunday newspapers. Attendances at every form of sport went up by leaps and bounds. So far so good. Men forgot everything except their week-end heroes.

If their enthusiasm had ended there, all might have been for the best in the best

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of all possible worlds. But the man in the street is a blood relation of Oliver Twist. The more sport he devoured the more he wanted. Four years in training camps and trenches had changed the unreasonable fellow. He had learned to like fresh air. He found the excitement of a game less dangerous but more fascinating than a war. Saturday football began to proliferate all over the week. Drawn games brought un hoped-for harvest of cheap excitement. And if he did occasionally lose a day's wages, why then, that was his loss: it was nobody else's business. Not only did the game itself interest him, but constant association with sporting events led his mind more and more in the direction of gambling. The betting by coupon on football matches became a weekly fever with him.

II. THE SPREAD OF GAMBLING

During the past ten years gambling on the results of all kinds of games, has increased to such an extent that there is now the gravest danger that the heart of the nation will be eaten out by this cancerous growth. Our position has worsened with great rapidity since the

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war, and now the burning up of our vitality is raging with such alarming fury that every week sees some new mark of the ravages of this desperate disease. The time will soon be here when there will not exist in the entire country a single family untainted by this devastating leprosy.

The attitude of the Press in this matter is nothing short of criminal. By the way in which they serve up 'highest aggregates' in Saturday Football Editions, and by the hourly publishing of 'racing specials', they are deliberately plunging the nation into a financial morass from which escape will be impossible.

Leading articles in the Very Broad-minded Manner beginning "Man has always been a gambling animal and always will be" are presented for our delectation before and after every great sporting event. The harmless 'flutter' on the Derby is praised as a virtue. The winner of the Calcutta Sweep is acclaimed as if his action were the most sagacious example of discernment ever recorded.

To discuss this plague calmly is almost impossible. Between the incomparable humbug of a racehorse owner who has never backed a horse in his life (and who would be in the same boat as any manufacturer of armaments who might care to swear he is a pacifist) and the benighted mug of a punter, with his

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shirt sticking out of the backside of his trousers, there is nothing to choose; they are united by a common bond of imbecility. Only men of such calibre would think for a single instant that they could deceive anyone with the balderdash that horse-racing is of great importance because it keeps high the standard of horse-breeding.

If it is true, as it seems to be, that the gambling instinct is inherent in us, it is assuredly giving us a run for our money. The advent of greyhound-racing is giving it a tremendous fillip. In this respect it is just as well to remember for future reference that a famous sportsman who has devoted most of his time to the turf 'tipped' the public that greyhound-racing was doomed to failure; and long before a month was out he was shouting that the older institution was threatened with imminent ruin from this quarter. Even thus do these sportsmen understand their own affairs. When the nation has been 'doped' with speeches and articles on the vital necessity for greyhound-racing, because of the need to keep up the standard of the nation's dog quality it will accept this excuse for gambling as it has accepted others.

For years now England's horses have been bred at the expense of her children's food: anyone who goes through the slums and sees the women rushing through

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the streets to buy racing 'specials' will agree that this is not an exaggeration.

Newspaper proprietors must be thoroughly aware of it. The next development will be the breeding of England's dogs at the expense of her children's homes.

According to a report recently issued by the Social and Industrial Commission of the National Assembly of the Church of England, there has been a notable increase in betting among women. The figures show that the proportion of women bettors in many streets is seventy-five per cent. and in tenements and buildings about fifty per cent. On the course, an average of twenty women bet to-day where only one betted a few years ago.

The municipal and civic authorities are standing by and watching this cataract of ruin. With a hundred thousand people rushing off on a Saturday afternoon to bet on this electric-hare racing within a few months of its inauguration, prophecy feels like swallowing its own tongue at one gulp rather than tell of the future. One may prognosticate the actions of the sane, but of these people it would be idle even to guess. The feeble pun that they are going to the dogs is on their cheerful lips. Pun and punter alike will soon grow feebler still.

The French are not so easily deluded.

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The French Government with that discernment and frankness which our Gallic cousins always show when dealing with their vices has declined to sanction greyhound-racing in France. Whatever happens to the breed of French greyhounds that country is not going to risk the introduction of a sport that would conflict with the *pari-mutuel* gambling system which in 1926 produced a revenue of £700,000. The bookmaker is, of course, prohibited by law in France. There the *pari-mutuel* reigns supreme. About this and the totalizator a few words might be worth while.

The totalizator is a machine operated by electric power which registers every bet made with it, and shows publicly the amount of money staked on each horse in each race, and on all horses in all races. The *pari-mutuel* is practically the same as the totalizator, but the former is worked in the main by human instead of by mechanical agency. After every race the whole amount collected is pooled, a percentage being deducted for expenses and the poor. (In Australia and India the poor get nothing: the race fund takes the lot.) The cash is then divided and the money to be paid to winners is exhibited on boards. The great French municipalities derive considerable revenue in relief of rates from the *pari-mutuels*. In Japan this system was made illegal in 1908.

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The only way to tackle the gambling menace is to get rid of our hypocrisy on the question. We shall never realize the extent of our task until all betting is done openly in the daylight. If gambling is a disease, then it ought to be compulsorily notifiable: it ought not to be hidden. One of our principles in the raising of national revenue is to accept money that is tainted. In betting, we have already made a beginning. Let us, therefore, be entirely frank about this gambling and abolish all laws that constrain it. That will enable us to see what we are doing. Moves in this direction of getting at the true facts in connection with gambling have already been made all over the world. There is a tax on betting in Australia, New Zealand, the Irish Free State, France, Italy, Austria, Belgium, Ontario and the Union of South Africa.

It is little wonder that our motor manufacturer gave a public exhibition of teeth-gnashing. He simply couldn't understand why men should want to go outside and enjoy themselves rather than stay indoors, work hard at their master's hobby, and bring joy to their masters. Many business men had seen what was coming, however, and boldly provided football matches on their own premises for their own men. Employees were encouraged—almost compelled—to

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take part in games. Provision was made for women workers also. The new girls' sports movement spread rapidly through the business houses sports movements.

One very large metropolitan business firm has a sports ground of seventy-five acres for its workers. A visit to this place revealed a large number of fields for football, cricket, hockey, a well-laid-out bowling green, a shooting gallery, a field for girls' cricket and netball, rows of pavilions with excellent dressing rooms and baths: in fact everything connected with every popular sport that could be desired. In one quiet corner there was also a playground for the youngest children of the workers. Contests of all kinds were arranged between various departments of the firm, and against the teams of other firms and of municipal bodies. For players who required coaching there were a number of trained coaches. The workers obtain all these advantages for three pence per week. For such a sum they could not obtain one tenth of such facilities outside the firm's zone of influence. Yet that does not prevent them from acclaiming themselves as amateurs!

In the metropolis alone there are, according to the latest available Annual Report (1925-6), no fewer than 201 firms with sporting organizations of one kind or another affiliated to the London

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Business Houses Association. In the previous year there were only 172 affiliated firms. Fifty-six Perpetual Trophies were competed for in 1926-7 as against 49 in the previous year. Football is, as usual, one of the biggest attractions. During the season under review 728 games were played between teams representing business houses.

Whether Big Business can save itself by these means remains to be seen. Out of the factories of depressing dullness, into streets of deadlier dullness, the working men of to-morrow may not be content with such a life, business sport or no business sport. Even the industrious Frenchman will revolt. The sports ground by its very contrast will soon impress upon him that, for instance, the domestic architecture of the Gay City is one of the greatest crimes ever perpetrated against humanity.

Increasingly the working men on the Continent are rushing to the sports ground. Italy has already gone. Spain is on the run. Germany has been there for some time. Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Holland have long been on the field.

The six-day working week, which is still the rule in many European countries, is being badly shaken. When these nations begin to look upon life as a thing to be enjoyed, certain economic standards are going to be smashed. With a raising

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of health standards also, and a demand by Continental workers for a better share of the good things of life (including a five-and-a-half-day week and ultimately a five-day week), British goods may begin to compete under fairer conditions with those of other countries. But these purely national factors will be only temporary. We will consider the factor of international games later.

The next phase of our sports development may be said to have set in. Sport as a spectacle has almost reached its zenith. Sport as a form of activity, definitely dissociated from man's day-work, is recognized as a menace; and sport for its own sake, as practised all day by amateurs, is beginning to be considered as a contemptible way in which to pass a lifetime. Organized idleness in whatever guise it appears is at last becoming suspect. The community is slightly bewildered: it does not quite know which way to turn.

We are witnessing the steady destruction of amateurism and the industrialization of sport. Only when the wheel has turned full circle, and sport as a separate form of human activity has ceased to exist, will we fully realize why we have evolved in this way. The logical Latin races have perceived the reason already. Their attempts to have incorporated into the rules of the Olympic

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Games recognition of the fact that an athlete should receive his pay (and still remain an amateur) for the time he is away from his work points very clearly the way in which we are going. Sport must not be confined to the rich.

International Sport

The next thirty or forty years will see sporting organizations spreading themselves more and more in an outward direction, taking in, at last, the whole world, while at the same time the struggle for internal organization will continue.

Many new facts are already emerging as the result of the great desire for education that has already spread all over the world. There is the awakening of the coloured races to be considered; this is going to be rapidly accelerated through sport. In every large university in Great Britain there are crowds of coloured students. Many of them are taking part in sporting events. It is a striking fact, too, that the coloured athlete in England is generally a very popular fellow. Few sprinters in recent years had such spontaneous greetings as were the lot of the West Indian runner, H. F. V. Edwards when he appeared on the track to run in (and win) the 100 yards and 220 yards British Champion-

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ships for three years in succession, 1920, 1921, and 1922.

Nothing would be easier than to dismiss the Peter Jacksons, the Edwards, the Jack Johnsons as isolated phenomena. To overlook the fact that countless coloured Colonial students are returning to India, to China, to Japan, and to Africa every year from our universities, quite often keeping up correspondence with white students, and playing white men's games—*wherein they were considered as the white man's absolute equal*—is a luxurious neglect that no British Colonial administrator can afford.

And when in the Colonies films are shown in which dark-skinned athletes are seen to be as good as their white-skinned masters, are things likely to remain as they are to-day? To the film must now be added the publicity of the spoken word on the wireless. Here again the black man will hear of the greatness of his own prowess.

Sport will become more and more international, while, at the same time, its development within each country will become more systematic. Definite plans will be drawn up by responsible bodies of individuals to discover talent by arranging local contests between representatives of small sections of the community. From these sections teams will be made up of the most distinguished

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players, and from these teams will be selected a team to represent still wider areas in conflict, and from these again in turn, yet wider areas will meet and so on until a team that represents one hemisphere will meet the talent of another hemisphere, the winning team being the world's champion. Before this comes we will have many mock world-championship games just as we have had so many so-called world-championship boxing matches. The ridiculous state of affairs that exists in the English Billiards Championship will not be tolerated.

All the tendencies are in this inward and outward organization. True, we have strayed away from the idea that a town's team is necessarily a product of that town. Everybody knows that one of the most flourishing industries in Scotland is that of carrying goals to Newcastle. On the other hand, in English football at least, the need for grouping in area leagues has made itself felt, and there seems no reason why the winners of each of the four divisions should not meet in a shortened league in home-and-away matches. A contest between the winners of the English and Scottish Leagues could also be arranged. It would be quite an easy job for even a half-witted organizer to produce an infinitely better system than the present chaos.

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In other countries besides our own, the development of football has been like that of a fast-rolling snowball. About thirty years ago tentative football matches were played abroad by football teams from this country. Almost every country in Europe has its football clubs now. Even Spain has its football matches, and so popular are these that they have become a serious menace to bull-fighting. Nearly every other branch of sport has its organized contests on the continent.

Cricket is finding its way into France.¹ Hockey is already firmly entrenched there. The same facts are substantially true of most other countries. International rugger championships (which were once confined to England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales) now include France. Golf championships (in the muddled condition one would expect from executants of such a game) are all international, although they are *still called by the name of the country in which they are held*.

International matches in all kinds of sports are being arranged every year. Hockey, growing everywhere in popularity, is bringing the nations together in friendly

¹(The cricket bat of the first French cricket club was presented to the author of this book. The founder said: "After I came to England French cricket ceased for a time; there were only ten players left".)

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rivalry and international athletics are now as firmly embedded in the affections of the nations of the earth, as that most widely practised of all sports, war. The analogy is readily recalled. Cynics will revel in it. The precedents of many quarrels at Olympic Games will bring joy into their hearts.

Every Englishman assumes that he is the greatest sportsman on earth. This is not a very sporting attitude. We have taught most Continental nations to take sport very seriously. Can we blame them if they take it too seriously? After all, are *we* so very sporting in those serious things in life with which we have managed to persuade other people that games ought to be definitely associated? Would anyone, knowing only our record in legal administration with its farcical 'justice', in industry with its bitter quarrels, in politics where misrepresentation is practised daily, believe that we have one-tenth of the sporting spirit we imagine we have?

The twentieth century will be remembered as the 'International Century'. People will think of it as the 'Getting Together Age'. And sport, in spite of countless blunderings, will bring its contribution to the general movement. But we must learn to keep our heads. It is no easy matter for hundreds of competitors (who would not understand

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a request from one another for a glass of water), to appreciate race characteristics and the effect of centuries of a different tradition.

The rules are not the game. Is it reasonable for us then to expect people, who regard rules with contempt, to assess sporting values as we do? Anyone who has ever seen a Paris policeman trying to regulate the traffic of taxis, would marvel, not at the French sportsman occasionally being guilty of an outburst of impatience in respect of sporting rules, but rather at the amazingly high regard in which these rules are held.

We must wait a bit. If our football clubs have penetrated into Czecho-Slovakia and Scandinavia, and if our cricket clubs tour India and Philadelphia, South Africa and Australia and the Argentine, there is yet a great deal to be done. The nations require more and more sporting ambassadors, though it is of interest to note that in the 1924 Olympic Games, nineteen different countries gained points in the various events. The personnel of the United States Team (which was easily first) reveals far-flung international origins with such names as McGrath, Hartrauft, Scholz, Barnes, Graham, Romig.

There are certain phenomena in the sporting world that are still beyond our comprehension. If man were a perfectly

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logical animal it might be possible to tabulate all sporting activity and explain why cricket is played in such diverse climates as the English and the Australian, while lacrosse and baseball, popular in Canada and the United States respectively, have practically no footing in Great Britain. It might not be wise to begin speculating too soon on these differences. They may be merely due to ignorance of the games concerned; for already football has invaded the States, and some of our best professionals are beginning to trek westwards. It is not at all unlikely that there will be a serious crisis in English and Scottish professional football one of these days, when the lure of the American dollar tempts our best players across the Atlantic.

Baseball, too, is making some slight progress in England. Every Sunday afternoon during the summer, a team of London Americans (got together by Mr Charlie Muirhead) plays a game at Stamford Bridge. This has been going on for a number of years; and we hear of baseball clubs being founded in various parts of England and Wales. This may be but a beginning.

" The Future "

With these facts before us it is obvious that some sort of control and guidance

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is necessary. One of the innovations of the near future will be a Ministry of Sport. (France has already such a Ministry: it combines sport and *tourisme*.) The spectacular side of this Department will develop and will one day be linked up with the British Broadcasting and Television Corporation. One of the off-shoots will be the British Cinema Corporation.

As science is exploited for sporting purposes, the novelty of watching the test matches in Australia very early on a mid-winter morning, and before a comfortable electric heater, will begin to wear a trifle thin. In its stead there will be the switching on and off as required of the Nocto-Vision Valves, and the watching and listening to the progress of that particular year's non-stop flight round the world. The engines of these aeroplanes will be made of an inconceivably strong new metal that will stand the strain and terrific heat of generating a speed of a thousand miles an hour. Australia will then play a bigger part in international sport than it does to-day. With the cost of travelling becoming vastly cheaper, there will be a general trek to seek the sun; and the older civilization of the East will be to-morrow the happy hunting ground of the very wealthy (before their final exit), just as Western Europe is to the

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middle classes and to the more fortunate working classes of to-day.

Motor-boat racing across the Atlantic in summer will tend to become a bit of a nuisance. With mass production of motor engines on a scale of which we do not dream to-day, these vessels will fill the seas just as their relatives on wheels throng our roads.

The great public authorities—Ministries and International Ministries—will be kept busy devising rules and smoothing away the unsportsmanlike frontiers that have been the cause of most of this planet's troubles. Continents will be scarcely big enough for the race tracks of the future, and the earth itself will only just hold the air sports. Those who care to do so will be able to spend their week-ends in the summer, even during mid-winter. The attractions will be too much for a football-loving race. When the choice lies between spending a raw Saturday afternoon watching a football match, or flipping down to the north of Africa on something resembling a huge aerial torpedo (these things will become as common as tramcars), the football grounds of the future will be deserted.

It is easy to see how the political importance of sport will work its way through our lives. The first politicians who deal with the question will make

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countless blunders. The great reason for the encouragement given to sport, that of amusing the voter so that he shall cease to be interested in the country's government, will have slain itself. The establishment of our Sports Ministry will have made sport an extremely important political factor; and instead of its turning the minds of the people away from the question of government, it will drive people's interest towards the science of running nations. With cleaner ideals of sport evolving year by year, the sporting test will be applied to politics also. A man who would scorn to take advantage in a game will not dream of misrepresenting his opponent's arguments. Political and industrial issues will become clearer. The man accused of unsportsmanlike conduct will find his prestige petering out. This means that sport is going to assist in killing the party system.

As sportsmanship penetrates into every activity of life, the need for referees, such as courts of justice, accountants, auditors, and that innumerable band of parasitically-employed—those who are engaged in the printing, selling, and checking of all sorts of travelling and entertainment tickets—will tend to disappear. There will be no need to check the honesty and sportsmanlike qualities of people at every step. The process will be a slow one. It may be

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generations before men come to realize that by trying to get something for nothing they diminish (by creating distrust and the need for widespread well-paid vigilance), the sum-total that there is for all.

It is now easy to justify the need for compulsory professionalism as a necessary stage in the evolution of sport. The exercise of any sort of control over sportsmen, some of whom are amateurs and some are professionals, is extremely difficult. The amateurs are inclined to boss the show. In cricket the club directors are amateurs in the matter of directive ability, even although they may help to provide the wherewithal to run the teams.

The direction of many sporting associations and clubs is often inept. Directors of football clubs, for example, are frequently particularly ridiculous figures though they rarely know it. Vested in their little brief authority they go into the players' rooms at half-time, and suggest brilliant plans of campaign, and give profound advice. Needless to say as soon as the directors return to their seats in the Grand Stand, the players make merry at their expense.

With the public control of sport three types of representatives will work together in the various controlling committees. The players will have their representative ; the spectators will have their represen-

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tatives ; and there will be representatives of the community whose job it will be to keep sport within reasonable boundaries, and to see that any demand from the general body of the electorate is clearly understood, and carefully considered. When these organizations are linked up one with another through borough and town, county and country, nation and continent, sport, as we know it to-day, will reach its highest function. The development on these lines will thus be precisely the same as the development that has already taken place in trade unions, the International Postal Union, boy scouts movements, workers' travel organizations, etc.

For all these positions men will have to be paid because they will have to be controlled. That is not to say that spontaneous outbreaks of amateur amusement will not take place. Amateurs will still remain. They will, however, be such ordinary exponents of the games they play that nobody will confuse them with the professionals. To the latter will go the respect of the people, not only because of their higher proficiency, but because it will be to a safeguarded professionalism that we shall look for the wiping out of the thousand anachronisms that exist in sport to-day.

All this time big employers (these will be increasingly municipalities, states, and

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international states) will be acting on the principle that if work is to hold people it must be made interesting; it must be made buoyantly interesting; in the long run it must be made rapturously interesting. The whole sporting spirit of testing one's innate genius and one's strength will be gradually transferred from field to factory.

Before this merging takes place there will be frantic efforts made to continue to use sport as an antidote to our dire industrialism. The known physical degeneracy which has beset the white races since the industrial revolution will be tackled. Every new mechanical device which releases men from manual toil causes a proportionate physical degeneration, and in the enlightened future every swing of a piston-rod, each turn of a cog-wheel, which accomplishes what was formerly done by muscular exertion, will be balanced by a swing of the arm in a boxing contest, or a round upon the running track. The men of the future will be in no doubt as to the place of sport in the life of the community. They will see that the long jump is an economic necessity as urgent as the swing of the shuttles in a loom. It is as necessary to have healthy bodies as it is to have cloth to cover them, and health will be accounted the first natural resource of a homeland.

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When this is fully realized, and the search for health is at least as important as the need for the production of goods, efforts will then be made to introduce sport into business. Now and again blundering attempts have been made in this direction, but always there have been serious objections to it. During the war there were attempts on riveting records in the shipyards, and from time to time there are ploughing matches at country sports gatherings, and even spinning competitions for women. In a society where men work for employers, and not for the community as a whole, it is natural that trades unions should protect their weaker members by forbidding such competitions; but the urge is in the right direction, and when the day comes that these competitions are carried out for the general welfare they will be eagerly acclaimed. Factories in those days will not in the least resemble the things they are to-day. From the first design to the screwing into position of the last nut our machinery will be created by lovers of machinery. Our houses will grow up like flowers. Our foods will be as sustaining and as pure as manna. People who find joy in the fulfilling of the world's needs will not wish to squander their niggardly hours in the activities we now call sports.

But before those days come, sport will

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have many functions in the community. We have given a passing glance at sport's association with war. Sociologists provide us with a comprehensive list of the causes of war : pressure of population, economic rivalry, the arrogance of military castes, the exaggerated idolatry of national symbols, and so forth : but they seem to have overlooked very largely a most potent and persistent cause of war, that is to say, the unvoiced need to find, to express, and to test man's physical fitness.

Hundreds of thousands of strong young men rushed to the colours in 1914 to join in what they considered was a great game. They did not think of it as war. The real significance of the game was only realized afterwards.

Of course there are a hundred other factors at work in creating and maintaining a war spirit ; but it would be a good thing to consider the cramped and thwarted physical functions of the sedentary and mechanical workers and of city life generally as a contributing cause not by any means negligible.

Just how far a truly scientific and comprehensive organization of international sport might conduce to the diminishment of war, it would be wild to speculate. If one thing is certain, however, it is this : when the unity of the world is achieved, organized world-

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sports will have a very definite and large place in the activity of mankind.

At the moment, all we can safely do, is to indulge in a mere academic speculation on the possible spreading of true sportsmanship among the nations by the development of international sports. Let no one be deceived: international sports are being developed rapidly, and their effects are bound to be enormous.

There have been efforts to frame 'Rules of War' in International Law. These rules have been invariably broken on the outbreak of war, for the simple reason that war is by its nature not subject to rules. War is not a sport, and can never become subject to sporting rules. But this tentative desire to curb the malignity of war is a recognition of the fundamental quality of sportsmanship. If nations indulging in the organized anarchy of war are not subject to the spirit of sportsmanship, mankind is. The organization of international sports upon a large scale may have the effect of encouraging the sporting instinct in man and of diminishing the war spirit. It is a possibility to be grasped and explored by every man calling himself a sportsman.

One might postulate a silent and bloodless contest between the bellicose and the sporting instinct in man, as the nations mingle more thoroughly in the *unserious* activities of sport. Which

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instinct in the end will conquer? The sportsman's answer should be ready. We had better give sport a chance.

We must prepare ourselves for a long journey, remembering grimly that in the past, except for trading between nations and a drift of religious influence, *throughout the history of mankind war has been THE ONLY INTERNATIONAL ACTIVITY*. Is not this a rather monotonous record? Could we not for a change have the delightful uncertainty of sport? Can we not give the cricket ball its chance against the cannon ball?

Of the countless larger questions with which we can agitate ourselves we can deal at once with one that is immediate and practical. Blood sports began when our half-starved ancestors had to spend half their lives in tracking down their dinners. Now blood sports are disappearing. The contests between human beings began in hatred and developed through medieval tournaments into the harmless sports of to-day.

Here and there the evolution of sport has doubled on its tracks. Nevertheless, the triumph of the individual is drifting out of life: the team spirit is winning through. The modern tendency in all the activities of life—to bring always together the high qualities of co-operation and allow them to work through enlightened competition—is exemplified

IN THE COMMUNITY

in the sporting teams of all sorts that meet every day. As life becomes better planned, and the relationship of the individual to the community he serves becomes more clearly defined, we will thrill with the vitality of true sportsmanship every hour.

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